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IS SCIENCE FINAL?

We suppose that every one makes the effort to adjust himself in such a way to the prevalent thought of his period as to be reasonably comfortable and at home in it. To be in permanent antagonism with one's neighbor, or, more forcibly, to have a veritable quarrel on hand between our intellectual lungs and the atmosphere which these are obliged to breathe, is a position neither tenable nor creditable. Fortunately, there are usually two camps, more or less actively hostile, each one of which arrogates to itself the dominant influence of the age, and in either one of which we can be soothed to more or less adequate acceptance of life under the conditions in which it ordinarily presents itself. Every now and then, however, we find ourselves rather rudely awakened from the peacefulness into which we had fallen, and the trouble begins anew. The suspicion is at last aroused that both contestants are more or less in the wrong, and that a composition of differences is possible. This article will not attempt such a composition, but will rather try to subject some positions widely accepted to a scrutiny for which they constantly call, but which nevertheless they seem very loathe to make.

We recognize the tendency of thought to run to extremes; it has all the courage that anything possesses, and it is not satisfied until it has reached the last conclusions which its premises either justify, or do not justify; for apparently a start fairly made in the direction of the illogical bounds toward the limit with as much alacrity as if the last clouds of doubt had vanished and the sun of truth had fairly arisen.

Thought swings between opposites like a pendulum between the extremes of the arc which it describes. During the earlier years of the nineteenth century the great idealistic movement in Germany, reflected in this country in the writings of the so-called transcendentalists, penetrated all effort, literary, scientific, philosophic. Schelling attempted an idealistic construction of Nature, and we can read echoes of it in Emerson's poems and Thoreau's essays. Carlyle was set on fire by the moral enthusiasm of Fichte and measured modern life by a standard which in his inflexible application that life could but very unsatisfactorily bear.

Now all that has been changed. The idealist remains and utters his message at intervals but he is heard with some impatience. He appears to belong to a preceding generation and the new comers who hold the territory have for him that sort of half-humorous consideration which we grant to one who has done well within his opportunity, but who is now hopelessly behind the age.

The scientist has taken possession and he tries to make it very clear that his occupancy is permanent. He is constantly widening his scope, and endeavoring more and more to bring into his domain subjects over which it would seem that he has little reason to claim jurisdiction. He is rapidly obliterating the old land-marks, and ignoring distinctions which one had supposed especially in need of explanation. The feud between mind and matter is again settled, and definitely, in favor of matter. What the innumerable caravan of fresh discoveries may eventually turn out to be no one can predict, but thus far intellectually they have only succeeded in increasing the number of those who wrap their cloaks around them and join the multitudinous and admirable army of the dead. The fact, however, remains; the methods of the scientist are dominant; things imponderable and unmeasurable are subject to the scales and the yard-stick; and many an airy nothing is finding itself in a local habitation, and with a name, of which it never even most remotely dreamed.

The theologian has been accused, rightfully or wrongfully, of a good deal of confidence in his own view of the world, and a

plentiful lack of consideration for the opinions of others. He has been credited with much arrogance in his assumption of exclusive admission into the counsels of the Infinite, and a wholesome abhorrence of any unwarranted intrusion upon his domains. We have all heard of the *furor* or *rancor theologicus*, and perhaps have not been without some practical experiences of its extent and vigor. The scientist has complained bitterly of any attempt to infringe on his freedom of investigation, and has had some rather tremendous things to say about the indispensable liberty of genuine research, and the need of approaching a subject without vitiating prejudgments. The demand for liberty, however, ought strictly to be a universal one; if a man asks for liberty for himself, he should be willing to grant the same immunity from needless restrictions to all other men. This the emancipated scientist has not always been willing to do, and he has developed a very formidable *furor* or *rancor scientificus* on his own account. Throughout the scientific writings, there is a pervasive but urbane smile, as it were, at the unfortunate beings who are unwilling to believe that the last word has been said by the very shallowest school of English or Continental empiricists.

The scientist demands that one shall not only accept his conclusions, but accept them also in the way in which he accepts them. One must take him all in all, or not at all. Thus with his favorite device of evolution. He has only recently discovered that some doctrine of evolution is at least as old as the Greeks, and for aught he can tell to the contrary, may have been the method employed by our famous progenitor in the naming of earth's multifarious creatures as they passed before him. It has been taken for granted that everything has been evolved — the marks of growth and transition are impressed upon the world and all worlds — that the nebulae scattered across the infinite blackness, when properly inspected, will show themselves in various stages of progress and decay — that all history will present itself, when the requisite tests are applied, as starting from nowhere and going nowhither.

The great god, Chance, presided at the beginning, has controlled the varying stages of the movement, and will properly

assist at the obsequies. The subtle mathematical calculations as to what the probabilities are of a number of disrelated atoms combining into orderly and persistent groups have been many and curious.

The solution has remained somewhat obscure, and has found at certain points some really surprising difficulties, such as the transformation of the mechanical into the vital, or the conversion of a number of nervous thrills into a fully-equipped and self-recognizing consciousness.

However, things must present some elements of stability; explanation would find itself in a curious predicament if the results of to-day only sufficed for their complete overthrow tomorrow. Evolution as an adequate and satisfactory account of the phenomena with which it deals, cannot in itself be subject to a constant evolution, for such a hypothesis would render it wholly useless, either as an instrument of investigation or a statement of conclusions. We shall have to be able to plant our feet firmly somewhere at last if we expect really to know anything, or to act intelligently from such knowledge. In other words, the law of progress must be a permanent one, or the achievements of to-day will be ruthlessly swept away overnight. Evolution itself, therefore, is based upon a deeper and larger reality, and this deeper and larger reality cannot be thought as a growth or as something changeable. It has always been, and it will always be. It can in no sense be said to have been evolved; we are confronted with a double series of facts, with one that is stable, actual, permanent, and with another that is fluctuating, developing, growing. Evolution, therefore, is strictly based upon that which is not evolved at all; it cannot be regarded as a universal statement of what is in the world; it is only a small fraction, a part of a greater whole, which encircles it, which overrules it, which gives it such efficacy and such place as it has.

The scientific method has several favorite devices for the surmounting of difficulties. One of these is to throw the fact to be explained into a remote antiquity whither the oldest memory of man has small access, and to allow for the passage of immense periods of time for the bringing about of results. It is

indeed remarkable to discover how much is known about the habits and manner of life of the prehistoric man, whose existence is not always as certain as the things he assuredly did. Should it even be proved that a certain phase of development had no actual foundation, it can always be slipped into the series as a link which the logic of the situation requires. That affairs must have transpired in the dim hoary distance which were wholly different from the ones which we see proceeding under our eyes, is taken for granted, and astonishing transformations are readily admissible in the haze of the void and abysm of time. The ease, too, with which important elements of the problem can be lost sight of in the weltering waste of years, the simplifying of matters otherwise troublesome, deserves to be taken into account and duly considered.

Another device of the scientific method is the minimising of differences by regarding them as made up of fine and insensible gradations. The inorganic shades off by exquisite degrees into the organic, and the unconscious passes by very subtle steps into the conscious. The supposition seems to be that if a distinction is reduced to a scarcely appreciable quantity, it need no longer be seriously considered and indeed may be wholly dropped out as not influential. In such ways it is easy enough to demonstrate that everything is mechanical, and that matter, so-called, contains the promise and potency of the highest possible to all thought. When we, however, begin to ask ourselves what matter is, we meet with a dual process. From one aspect it appears as the ultimate abstraction, emptied of all qualities and hardly susceptible of definition. It can as little be called inorganic as organic, for the one is as dependent upon it for subsistence as the other. It cannot be called a simple or a compound, for these are thinkable only in relation to one another. We may take the desperate Spencerian leap in the dark, and call it a form of the Unknowable, but it cannot be a form at all, and we are then further obliged to ask ourselves what is the Unknowable. This last is assuredly the strangest contradiction in terms that ever the mind of man puzzled itself withal. To call it the Unknowable is to know something about it, and so it ceases to be the Unknowable. To find in it the source of anything or

the explanation of anything, is to bring it out of its worse than Cimmerian gloom and make it deny its own nature. It is the sheerest superfluity in any system of thought, for it adds nothing, helps nothing, in fact is the pure nothingness itself. To write marvellous hymns of praise in prose or rhyme about the Unknowable, is to indulge in a mysticism beside which the rhapsodies of the Oriental metaphysicians are as clear as the latest novel of Mr. Howells, or racy as Mr. Kipling's adventures in the depths of the Asiatic jungle. It is thus, indeed, that science in its unconsciousness of the thought processes which dominate it becomes wholly alien to itself, and proceeds along a route for which it has always expressed the utmost abhorrence.

In the other aspect of matter we reverse the process of abstraction, and by adding to it characteristic after characteristic, make it indeed the potency out of which may come all manner of efflorescence. We may go so far as to call it 'mind-stuff,' and give to every particle a sort of rudimentary consciousness, which, thrown into suitable conditions, may develop into a foolish jelly-fish, or rise to the dignity of creating Victor Hugo's "Legend of the Ages." It may be a question, however, whether the term, 'matter,' is any longer applicable to a reality which contains attributes, and has in it every property of everything ready to be produced whenever it is called upon. It has become the scientist's magical purse, always full to the brim with the coins of all lands, and never lacking in the small change which the special occasion requires. One interesting fact, however, to be observed here, is the kind of oscillating thinking in which there is so free an indulgence. At first we have a continuous abstraction which leaves us in the presence of the Unknowable, and then we have a concreting which terminates where the scientist is a little loath to go. The atomic theory affords no secure halting place; attempts to define the atom present us anew with the difficulties enumerated above. The atom is either stripped of all attributes, and then one atom is wholly indistinguishable from another, and the sum of these zeros can hardly be said to make up a calculable quantity, or the atom becomes a monad with an undeveloped mind, and the whole resurgence is taken for granted in the original terms. To be sure, the

atomic theory is said to be only a working hypothesis, so-called, apparently, because it can be made to work both ways with equal facility. In the seclusion of the laboratory, and face to face with the expert in the same field, the hypothesis may be admitted as only a convenient form of statement of certain appearances and coincidences and regularities, which have been always observed to take place under given circumstances; but in the heat of popular discussion, and before minds ready to accept results without the knowledge for their independent exploration, the hypothesis rapidly assumes the form and authority of established truth, and the pageant of the world emerging out of and passing into the Unknowable or the Nought makes assuredly an imposing spectacle.

The rise of differences and the transitions from plane to plane of experimental knowledge urgently demand explanation. The passage from the inorganic to the organic, from the organic to the conscious, from the conscious to the spiritual, are among the vexed questions with which science busies itself. The more conservative scientists admit that some of these questions are not solvable by their methods, and indeed are not within the domain of science; inasmuch, however, as these are inclined to think that attempts to answer them are bound to fail, and inasmuch as others present answers which leave out of sight the most important elements, one is left in a dilemma, on either horn of which impalement is peculiarly excruciating. We are obliged to admit on the one hand that we are begirt by a perfect wilderness of contradictions, which becomes more thorny and disastrous the deeper we penetrate it; the opening chapters of Spencer's "*First Principles*" show us into what a maze of difficulties we rush, unless we are willing to accept his view of the relativity of all knowledge; the first parts of Lotze's "*Microcosmus*" plunge us into a similar jungle of impassable metaphysical conceptions. It may be supposed that the very thought which so magnificently shows up the two sides of the antithesis, spans them both, and therefore is itself their unity and solution. Failing to see this, we are forced to accept the mechanical theory of the world with all its consequences, and in doing so to obliterate the very things with which we began, and of which

we attempted to give a satisfactory account. When we accept, moreover, the scientific answer, we do not find the peace and comfort which we anticipated. Instead of a delicious harmony, we discover the usual discord, not resolved into the cognate concord. The development theory, whose triumph some years ago we voiced with a fervor that was resonant as a Pindaric ode, seems to-day less assured of itself, and certainly is undergoing transformations which its designers did not expect. It appears that other factors must be introduced beside the transition of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, or the struggle for the survival of the fittest, or the love affairs of the multitudinous creatures, or the inheritance of derived peculiarities, or the successful hiding from the assaults of enemies, or the affection for bright or sombre colorings. Professor Drummond introduces the altruistic factor into the whole selfish carnival, and in so doing opens the door into an entire new world of possibilities and likelihoods. The last word in evolution has not been said by any means, and Darwinism and the others are on the eve of a metamorphosis more radical than any that they were called into being to explain.

When one enters higher spheres the same tendency to deprive the phenomena to be explained of their salient peculiarities appears even more strongly. What mind is in the usual development theory, would be a rather difficult thing to say, but in many of these solutions the essence of mind is first despoiled of what especially constitutes its mind, and then the reduction to merely mechanical factors becomes very easy. It is true that the characteristics thus dropped out are afterwards re-introduced and discussed, but there is a singular unconsciousness that such re-introduction has in a large measure vitiated the theory to be defended. Mr. Herbert Spencer identifies mind with motion, and on account of that considers himself more an idealist than Hegel or Plato, because these last, he thinks, presuppose some sort of refined material out of which minds are made, different wholly from matter, so-called. His reduction of both matter and motion into forms of the Unknowable contains so many contradictions that it would fill the rest of this article to elucidate even a part of them. But it must be ad-

mitted that if mind be motion, it is certainly a very different sort of motion from the kind about which we ordinarily talk. Fichte showed that mind necessarily involved two series, the one of simple apprehension, and the other of recognition of the apprehensible series, and the fact to be explained, therefore, is the presence of both series and their relation to each other. It was Aristotle who showed that the concrete can never be explained by the abstract, and the attempt to reduce all mind to the merely sensuous involves at every step the begging of the whole question, for the new and more concrete factors are constantly slipped in surreptitiously and without warrant. So with the notion of mind and matter being two aspects of the same substance. Of course, the whole point is to know the substance which thus presents itself in two contradictory aspects; an unextended aspect, consciousness, and an extended one, body. Simply to say that these are two aspects of one substance is merely to reproduce the original question in a new form of words, and to make that new form more hopelessly tangled than the old. For how to unite the extended and the unextended in the same thing—for that is precisely what is meant—remains yet an affair not very clear; indeed, that the same thing should be at the same time and in the same sense both extended and unextended, is one of those conceptions which only a ghostly terror of the genuinely metaphysical, belonging to some forms of modern speculation, could have produced.

When we enter the field of scientific ethics, we meet with the same difficulties over again. The ethical ideal is at once made to conform to the procrustean bed of the sensuous hypothesis. The affirmation is constantly made that nothing can be in the mind except what it has received from without; indeed, the very constitution of the mind itself appears to be a gift from the environment. There has always been considerable difficulty in the attempt to state how the evolutionary process unfolds itself into an internality which re-acts upon the evolutionary process itself as external to it, for all mind does precisely this. Passing over the point with the ease which usually characterizes the abstract development theory, we can readily see that the reactions of mind upon its source, the environment, will take the

form of conduct or morals. The mind, however, can form no ideas of conduct of its own motion; ideals of conduct are only abstractions from the effects brought about in it by the world around it. Under these conditions, what will be the forms which conduct must assume? In the first place, there ought to be harmony between the mind and its environment. This is practically the happiness conception. When we and the world around us are at one, we shall receive the maximum amount of pleasure, and pleasure, of course, is something in itself desirable. This last is to be taken for granted without further demonstration. There have been martyrdoms all down the course of history, but they may, on the whole, be safely left out of the count. Pleasure, however, is pretty sure to be individual; the relation of one person to the environment differs materially from that of every other one; so that the search for pleasure must mean the search for one's own good. At least that is an inevitable aspect of it. In the second place, however, pleasures conflict, and if this conflict be allowed to go too far, the pleasure of every one will be destroyed, and the potent environment will have been wholly thwarted in its philanthropic intentions. We shall be obliged, therefore, to introduce a reverse tendency; we shall be obliged to find in the environment a potency compelling us to be good to others, so far as it does not conflict with the good of ourselves, or we shall be permitted to do only those things which are not hurtful to other men. The reconciliation of these opposite movements presents a great many difficulties, and the environment is put to sad straits to go both ways at once. The solution seems to be that the environment seeks the good of all; this good can, in the nature of the case, only be a compromise; and when the environment has brought to pass the compromise first, and then the acquiescence of every one in the compromise, the moral status of the world may be considered complete, and the amount of happiness will be the greatest possible. One may ask oneself whether the result be worth the effort, whether the sacrifice one is obliged to make for the end held out is not greater than the latter deserves, whether anything short of the whole of goodness and the whole of realization is worthy the search and attainment of the simplest soul that

ever found in itself a hope and longing that transcended any and every environment, that was more than all the worlds and all the heavens, that so exceeded all externality that it could never have sprung from it, and that was a completion which, the more it was shared with others, the more it enlarged and deepened and ennobled.

The considerations so imperfectly given above lead to several conclusions. They are not to be interpreted into hostility either to science or the evolution theory in themselves. They indicate, however, that a full and satisfactory account of the true and genuine methods of science, and the limits within which these methods are adequate and valid, is a desideratum. Science has altogether been proceeding without a sufficient reflection upon itself, its nature, and the range of its results. With an adequate understanding of its true field and the character of the methods which should govern its procedure, Science will rest satisfied with the results legitimately hers, and cease arrogating to herself the ownership of the entire territory. She will also recognize the true significance of the development theory, accept the presence of factors which she has been inclined to deny, and discover that evolution is but half the truth of which involution is the other half. She will also be ready to admit that, because her methods everywhere strike against evident boundaries, that is no reason for saying that a passage beyond those boundaries is wholly impossible to intelligence, and that beyond the results which she achieves there is only that dreary and barren 'no-territory' which so many are so unreasonably fond of under the misnomer of the Unknowable.

The achievements of science are among the things that most deserve our gratitude; the evolution theory must be understood and its full import allowed for; but the transcendent heritage left by the great thinkers of the past are not therefore ruthlessly to be cast aside, and the intelligence narrowed down to what is after all only one field of its exercise, and that by no means its most important or emancipating one.

Every science has at its centre a principle or group of principles which give it unity, and which enable it to deal with the infinite particulars of its subject matter. These principles also,

and the organization of the science effected by them, constitute the basis of the differentiation of one science from another, and the reason for the uniting of all sciences in a consistent whole of knowledge. These principles cannot themselves be derived from any simple combination or manipulation of the data of the science itself, nor can the ordinary methods by which the science reaches its results be made applicable to them. The attempt to do this very thing results in discovering insoluble contradictions everywhere. It is in just this way that we are brought to the unsatisfactory conclusion that the mind of man can go only a very little distance, and then it knocks its metaphysical head against an impassable stone wall, and irrationally determines that everything depends on some inexplicable mystery on the other side. If, again, these fundamental principles are said to be derived by abstraction from the given facts, we find ourselves in the presence of fixed and sterile conceptions, with which the more we deal the more we are obliged to confess their impotence and uselessness. It was of such abstractions that Bacon said that their investigation remains forever without issue.

We shall be obliged to admit that there must be another sphere into which mind can enter, where the apparent contradictions are solved. That such a sphere exists, in spite of the scientific denials, all the great thinkers and poets and saints of all ages and climes unite in affirming. The ascent into this higher realm will clear up the difficulties which have been besieging us, and will give to science itself a vigor and a consistency which it never had before. We shall discover that a phenomenon is strictly correlated with a noumenon and that an object of knowledge cannot be without a corresponding subject, and that no phase of the object can be without its counterpart in the active and embracing unity of such subject. This higher realm is the fountain of all our seeing, the law-giver in the realm of the Knowable; we have overleaped the barrier, indeed taken up that very barrier into our synthesis, and find ourselves in the presence of the ever-unfolding revelation, each of whose mysteries opens its doors at our approach, admitting us into endless halls beyond. Science, now assured of itself and its methods, can proceed to grander and larger results, and will in-

deed become consciously and fully, as Bacon says, the handmaid of the progress of humanity. Science will no longer throw itself into antagonism with the deepest needs of the human spirit, but become reverent and subordinate to the profounder revelations of the Infinite Reason. If such results cannot be, it were better that our whole world should vanish at once and leave not a vestige behind. As for me, if such conclusions must be taken from me, I should wish to go back to some earlier stage of history, when the world was young and did not trouble itself much with thought of any kind; indeed with the Poet Wordsworth, I should exclaim:

Great God, I'd rather be
A pagan suckled on a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
And hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

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ARCHITECTURE: ANCIENT AND MODERN

Every art has its construction; even music, seemingly the most ethereal and most decorative of them all, is built around a constructive skeleton; and after careful analyzing of what seems the most complicated musical poem, the one or more simple motives around which it has been built up can be found.

What Beethoven has done for music in the Sonata form, the Doric builders have done for Architecture in the Temple form. If in any work of art the construction is imperfect, the work cannot be beautiful; and if the construction can be altogether separated from this work without destroying it, it is no art at all.

In the art of Architecture, construction seems to be more prominent than in the other arts, but this is only apparently so. There is no more and no less construction in the Greek temple, than in the sonata or poem or piece of statuary; but in modern times construction has been separated from architecture almost entirely. This fact one can observe daily in any of the large cities where some building is going on, and the steel skeleton is put up and finished long before the "architecture" is pasted against it; in fact, in many cases the architecture is put on at different heights at the same time, showing plainly that it does not grow organically.

Consider the growth of leaves and flowers and observe how they develop gradually with the framework, which carries and holds them together, in all stages of their existence. Remove the substance of the leaves, the veins, the skeleton will remain, but the tree will die, and the veins and twigs and stems will slowly decay and disappear; but remove the columns and cornices from the modern building, and it will stand as firmly, or perhaps more firmly, than before.

There never has been a period in the history of architecture when a greater change in the aspect of buildings should necessarily take place, or with a greater opportunity for the architect to design new forms of architectural art than at present. Think of the materials now generally used, such as iron and concrete,

used as they never were before. The Romans did use a construction similar to the modern concrete; they also found that this material needed stiffening, and they made re-inforced concrete, not with iron or steel as we do now, but with brick layers and arches. The results were practically the same, for the Roman as well as the modern concrete building should be conceived as cast out of one large mass of material, a monolith without elasticity, as though hollowed out of one huge piece of rock. The modern architects, — or let us rather give them their proper name, 'engineers' — have gone much further in the use of re-inforced concrete than their Roman brethren; but, notwithstanding this fact, the modern building is much inferior, for in a far less degree does the construction grow together with the architecture, or as it would be better to say, the architecture with the construction.

The Roman did exactly what is done at present; he erected the core, the skeleton, and upon its completion, he called the Greek artist to cover the building with a beautiful envelope of costly marbles, bronzes and other materials. The Greek architect, however, an artist through and through, did not understand this huge new structure, foreign to his own principles, and covered the building with marble and placed columns before the walls. These he provided with their entablature, because to his trained eye and love for truth, a column which did not carry its proper load had no reason for existence; but this entablature which necessarily implies the idea of the horizontal lintel, he placed under the arches and vaults introduced by the Roman. The Greek artist went still further, for following the curved lines of these arches and vaults he used the forms which symbolize the principles of horizontal architecture, thus proving his misunderstanding of the forms he was compelled to cover.

The Roman building therefore can be divided into two parts, the engineer's or constructive part, and the architect's or the part of architectural art, and this very possibility of distinct division constitutes the defect. This same defect is precisely the great weakness of modern architecture, with this difference, that the Greek architect, who was compelled by his conquerors to decorate the Roman building, was still a true artist, and did

his work of embellishing with as much truth and devotion as was possible under the circumstances, and still created a building which was both beautiful and magnificent. He used materials in accordance with their nature and character, he could not do otherwise being a Greek, and the modern architect apparently understands his huge structure far less well. He nails and wires all sorts of forms and ornaments against this building, not in accordance with the material used, and suggesting to the beholder dynamic functions which it is impossible for them to fulfill. This is not only the method of proceeding with so-called steel frame buildings, but with buildings constructed of any material. The "architecture" is simply placed around it, and has as little to do with the structure as an overcoat has to do with the body of the man it covers; it can be changed at any time at the command of the changing fashions.

Examine the modern buildings, such as the railroad station, custom house or bank, dressed up in their so-called monumental architecture, like the carnival prince in the masquerade; architecture inspired by, if not copied altogether from the Doric, Ionic or Corinthian temple or Roman bath. Here and there a touch of Renaissance is used; much French at present, because it is the fashion; or Italian, if more to one's taste; and as a great light in architecture recently said, "always improving on the classical forms. . . . !"

I do not mention the church, for everyone will easily understand that, no matter how free-thinking a community may be, the Christian principles cannot be expressed in the form of a Greek temple or Roman bath.

Such a period of imitative architecture, of servile copying of the great works of the past, has never existed before. Let them all pass before you in imagination, the temples and palaces of antiquity, Assyrian, Egyptian and Greek; let us go further until the best period of the Renaissance has faded away, and nowhere will you find that the one copied mechanically the forms of the other, although more or less profoundly influenced by their predecessors.

This is true even of the Renaissance; for when they began to excavate and study the classic buildings, intending to copy

them, it proved impossible, simply because times had changed. The classic forms were not understood, especially the universal use of color in ancient architecture, as ascertained in relatively modern times, was unknown. The first buildings of the Renaissance show plainly the lack of life, and one of the principal reasons was the total absence of color. The artists soon observed this defect, and began to use sculptured ornaments which took the place of the ancient coloring.

Influenced by the classics as the Renaissance was, yet this style produced an utterly different building because of the changed conditions of society. Take for instance those buildings of the Florentine school, such as the Pitti Palace and many others; do they not all express plainly the difference in civilization, politics and morals of that particular period as compared with the buildings of Rome and Greece? The early Italian palace was a fortress for the strong, as well as a dwelling for the proud and rich. The powerful families lived in a constant state of warfare and the strong walls of the palace afforded safety to the besieged.

Art in general and architecture in particular is the mirror of time; what would be left of history if those monuments of ancient architecture did not fill the gaps in the documents gathered from other sources. Each nation spoke a different language in art; and at the time, this language was understood not only by the select few, but by the whole nation. The legends and history of the past as well as those of the present were told and retold to the people; religion, forms of government, conditions of life, even the very products of the soil were recorded and expressed in the petrified books, belonging to the whole community. As late even as the reign of Louis XIV, architecture still expressed the contemporary life of society.

During the long period which lies between the reigns of the two great rulers, Charlemagne and Louis XIV, architecture in France had developed on new principles. The final highest expression of these new principles was the cathedral, built for the people by the people, and again the natural outcome of the social conditions.

In the cathedral the whole universe is embodied, virtue, vice

and passions, arts and sciences, in short the entire history of humanity. It was Louis XIV who extinguished the last sparks of this art which were still glowing at the time he succeeded to the throne; and marvellous it is indeed to observe in architecture the last struggle for the maintenance of the sound and true principles of mediæval architecture, which this strong nation still possessed. Louis XIV crushed the art of the nation, introducing a foreign art most expressive of his personal power and love of pomp, but killing the art of the people, which in architecture has never since come to life again.

The reign of terror may have ended the political traditions of the Grand Monarque. The germs, however, of that corrupted art, lived and multiplied even until the present day, and penetrated deep into the new world, where the imitation of the art of the Louis of France is still the dream of the rich.

The Parthenon is certainly a beautiful building and will remain so forever. Even if it were taken from its foundations on the rock of Athens, and placed wherever human fancy might decree, still it would be beautiful, but only in its fullest degree for those who understand the purpose for which it was erected, the symbols of its forms and the meaning of its statuary. By a modern nation, as a whole, the beauty of this building cannot be appreciated, simply because it is a poem in a foreign language, which has first to be mastered before the contents can kindle their minds and touch their hearts.

When the columns of the Parthenon are taken away from the base and put before the wall of a modern building, the spaces between the columns pierced with windows belonging to different stories, and the whole building placed in a climate, possibly where the rays of the sun do not touch and retouch the forms calculated for the clearness and vividness of the Greek atmosphere, then these stately columns, once full of life and beauty, become a dead mass of stone, without any meaning.

The symbols embodied in the very shape, symbols expressed through forms indicating action and character of material, and the whole in perfect harmony with the laws of nature, all is lost. No modern architect ever seems to think a moment of the ignorance he exhibits in mutilating Greek architecture in this

manner, which is, however, the usual method of proceeding, especially when public buildings are to be designed, which are supposed to be built in monumental style.

The idea of monumental architecture is not reached until every form expresses, in a symbolic way, the active use and character of material, and the purpose of these forms, not only as a whole but in every detail. This cannot be expressed by placing the classical column in front of a steel support; the futile duplication becomes still more astonishing when we remember the great economy which is usually expected of modern constructors.

Some art critics have defended the modern architect by pointing out the difficulty he has in choosing for his building among the confusing multitude of forms set before him by the architecture of the past. But the very thing which an architect should not do is to pick forms from anywhere, for it is more than reasonable that even under the same circumstances, so far as construction and nature of material goes, the architect of to-day, with different views of life and beauty, should invent different forms for expressing the same idea. Still greater should be the changes, considering the difference in material used, together with the altered purpose of the whole building.

Take the Greek or Roman view, for instance, of vice and virtue, as compared with ours, and in some instances vice becomes virtue and virtue vice. This difference of view will change the whole modern drama in such a manner that an intelligent Greek might not understand it, unless he were able to place himself in the midst of modern society; and we have difficulty in understanding the Greek drama unless we first study the habits and morals of those times. In architecture exactly the same difference exists as in other arts; perhaps even emphasized by the fact that all the minor details of our mode of life have changed. Suppose, for example, we were invited to dine with a well-to-do Roman; he would invite us into his triclinium and offer us a place on the couch. Supporting the left arm on a cushion, close to the small table, and stretching our legs to the right, we would take the courses of the elaborate dinner with our right hand; for we would be sufficiently well-

bred to do as the Roman did. Would we not bless the moment when all the guests arose, and we were delivered from this most uncomfortable position, the left arm probably stiff for the next fortnight? But if we returned the kindness, what would the Roman have to tell his friends at home? I am sure that he could never have dreamed of such discomforts and bad manners. The world has changed, and is still changing, and with it all that is in it.

A few centuries ago it was considered the noblest act to pierce one's neighbor with a sword, for what we would consider a small offense; now we do not stab our neighbor but go to law and thus decide who is right or wrong. Let a couple of centuries pass by, and suppose that then the quarrels of nations should be peacefully decided, what will then become of the soldier, military honor, military courage — the highest qualities of the human being of the past?

The monuments to the brave may decay, the ornamentations and statues symbolizing victory may then not be understood at all or in some new sense. The virtues will not disappear, but the view the man of the future takes of these virtues, will alter; and consequently, in order to understand the creations of the past, he will have to learn to think as their creators did.

Far from a knowledge of the past being a disadvantage to the architect of to-day, it ought to be of tremendous assistance to us to be able to study the great masterpieces and thereby perceive how the arts developed under different circumstances and according to what principles they were perfected.

Among the elements with which we have to deal, a great many continue the same. The laws of nature, for instance, have continued unaltered throughout all ages, the human mind has discovered many, and no doubt there are still many hidden, the discovery of which will be of the greatest influence on all the activities of man and especially of art.

The nature of material remains as it was thousands of years ago, and the artists of the great periods of architecture have most scrupulously observed this fact. But notwithstanding that centuries have repeated this lesson, it is ignored to such a degree in our day that even the most casual observer of good

taste cannot fail continually to note the most preposterous mistakes in all the things about him.

It is evident enough that a great part of the misapprehension of the qualities of material, as well as of form, has been greatly increased by the use of steam power, but this is not the fundamental reason. The real enemy of art in our day is not the machine; for after all this is invented, made and governed by the human brain; but it is the extravagant pursuit of wealth, and the specialising of labor; a natural consequence of this pursuit, killing the pride and pleasure, which in order to produce something truly beautiful, a human being should find in his daily work.

There is no artistic object which has not in the making given intense pleasure to its creator or creators. In modern times, unfortunately, it is almost impossible that one person should finish the whole work.

The artist, designer and workman, all in one, the ideal condition as realised in times past (in case of Albrecht Durer for instance, and countless others). Whether this will change in the future is difficult to predict, but even under these less favorable conditions — I mean the separation of designer and workman — much better results can and should be obtained.

The machine does not design the ornamentations on the cretonne or wall paper it prints, it only does the common labor, and although the charm of handiwork will always remain, and be much superior, other things being equal, because it shows this love and pleasure in the work which the machine is unable to express, the machine has become a necessity of the times and must be used under the present conditions of society. There is no reason why bad designs should be turned out by machinery, but for the bad taste or perverse economy of the manufacturers. In the first place, they do not employ the sort of man who will take the pains to study the particular attributes of the new tool, in order to know how to balance the various parts of the design with reference to it so as to avoid monotony, the chief fault of machine work.

The manufacturer employs human beings who are worse than machines, because dulled by ignorance and the monotony of

their labor, they work without the help and stimulus that comes of knowledge, and without a taste for what is beautiful.

There is of course a great deal of work done by machinery which must be regarded as a blessing to mankind, that which requires strength rather than skill; for although skill is required for even the most common labor, it is better that this skill should be devoted to some higher class of work than that which the machine is able to perform more quickly and with just as great or greater accuracy.

The sawing of blocks of stone and wood, the preparing of metals, in fact of most materials, should be done by the tools which have been so admirably invented for the purpose. We may go further still, for there are good reasons why, for instance, the tenon and mortise used in wood construction (as in furniture making), printing of books, the preparing of clay and pressing of tiles in the pottery, are better done by machinery; and so there are many processes in all the different trades, where the work of the machine is preferable to that of the skilled hand.

But when it comes to productions in which the human brain necessarily expresses itself in a direct way, through the use of simple tools, which in such cases can only be controlled and guided by the hands, the machine is of no value. Obviously it cannot enter into competition with the skilled hand so far as the excellence of the product is concerned.

Stone or wood carving should never be done by machinery, just because the masterhand of design can not be separated from that of execution; one unskillful stroke of the chisel will spoil the entire piece of work. Repeated motives are often of great beauty. They will however become objectionable and positively bad if repeated with that inevitable accuracy and monotony which must always appear when the machine is used. The little variations which occur in handwork, and which are hardly perceptible, give the charm to a piece of carving, just as the lines of a pen-drawing, which at first sight seem straight, are in reality not straight at all, and if made so, the drawing will produce the dry and unnatural impression which we observe so often in architectural designs.

Even if a piece of carving is copied accurately by means of

machinery, it is never the same, but may be likened to the performance of a masterpiece of music on the pianola. It loses too much of the individuality of the performer, which changes with his mood each time the work is repeated, and thus new charms will outweigh the disappointments which may also occur now and then, for the same reason.

A great mistake everywhere observable in the products of the machine is the copying of handwork, which constitutes the real objection to it. In every architect's office you will find catalogues of all kinds of articles, necessary in the construction of buildings. Many of these are of a more or less decorative character. They represent forms taken from some period of the past. The mechanical devices with which many of these articles are necessarily provided are in the "better class of goods," to use the commercial term, as a rule well thought out for the particular purpose. They are not copied from the old, for the simple reason that the handiwork of this newer device was too awkward for production by the machine. In such cases the manufacturer perceived the necessity of completely altering the forms; besides there were new forms which had to be invented for purposes which never before existed. A natural consequence of these inevitable changes would of course be a new system of decoration. But to adapt a system of decoration to the machine does not seem to dawn upon the mind of the manufacturer.

The fact is that when a suggestion of this kind is made to him, the answer is always that the public will not buy the article if unaccustomed forms are applied. Is it not unlikely that if the public is intelligent enough to appreciate that some of the mechanical devices are better when especially adapted to their purpose, that they would not be brought to appreciate that the decoration should also harmonize with the new ideas?

Take for instance hardware, an article with which volumes of catalogues are illustrated showing examples beginning with the Assyrian and Egyptian, and following up the entire sequence of styles. Is the public really so ignorant as not to understand that it is ridiculous for them to have on their doorknobs and escutcheons the emblems of Francis I or the heroic deeds of Rameses II told in hieroglyphics?

The reader may think that these common articles do not belong to the realm of Art, and as it is they certainly do not, but they pretend to, for as soon as an object is decorated, no matter how simple the manner in which this decoration is applied, it should belong to art. Any decoration demands a certain amount of attention from the observer and ought to delight his eye; in many cases it actually spreads much sorrow. However, this is not the fault of the ornamentation, which in its way is innocent of the slovenly malice of its creator.

In recent years it has become the fashion to omit ornamentation altogether, and this fashion is responsible for the so-called "Mission" style in furniture, which in fact is so simple that it seems to be designed by simple-minded people. The secret beauty of this style is the fact that a rough block of wood can be deposited in the front of a machine and the finished piece of furniture will soon appear at the other end. Simplicity in art is an excellent quality, but it must never be the only one, else it is likely to be merely awkward unintelligence. The Greek temple is a simple building, at the same time a most beautiful one, because with simplicity it united a multitude of better qualities.

It is a fact that the craving for decoration dwells in every human being, no matter how low the degree of civilization. Even before man begins to cover his naked body with hides or textiles, he loads it with beads and trinkets and tattoos it to satisfy his love for adornment.

The desire for decoration distinguishes men from the animals, and, as a natural consequence of this desire, every man is born with a certain amount of æsthetic taste or feeling for beauty. Taste like the feeling for truth and goodness has to be developed before it can be relied on. But civilization does not seem to exercise much unconscious influence in æsthetic directions, as is proved by the fact that the artwork of primitive peoples is undoubtedly in many respects much better than ours. The ornaments on Indian blankets and basketwork, are as a rule, well chosen as to color and form. I mean, of course, the older examples, for even the few Indians left have been sadly influenced by the false standards and commercialism of a higher civilization. These ornaments show a fitness for the purpose

and material and a great originality, which cannot be found in objects made by people of as advanced a cultivation as ours.

Let me beg you to examine the coffee-cups, cream-jug, plates and other articles on your breakfast table, and remark that they are decorated, consequently that they pretend to be artistic; then notice the deplorable design you look at every day. Does not this prove that your æsthetic sensibility has never been properly developed, or brought to bear on your material surroundings? For it is not only the cup on the breakfast table, but everything useful and decorative in or about the modern house, which over and over again proves this humiliating indictment. Now without the appreciation of the people, the highest development of art is not possible. There are great artists in our day, men who have a taste for beauty and love for truth, but their number is far too small, a direct consequence of the indifference of the public.

It was a people that built the Greek temple and a people that built the Gothic cathedrals; the foundation of the former was beauty, of the latter truth; both the temple and cathedral perpetuate the devotion and love of their originators.

Art, however, does not have its beginning with temples or cathedrals, far less with customhouses, banks or capitol slavishly copied or stupidly adapted from them in piecemeal fashion. It has its beginning, as among the savages, with the drinking-cup and the blanket which protects their body. In the process of forming and decorating the simple utensils of our daily life, art has been born and must be reborn, so that it may reach and open the eyes of every member of the community.

It is of prime importance, therefore, to quicken and develop the taste of the people by directing their attention to their immediate material surroundings. Then a new building will inevitably be constructed, not like the Greek temple and not like the cathedral. But might it not be as great or even greater than these, because of the advantage which this building of the future will gain from the teachings of centuries and from a foundation based on beauty and truth combined?

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BAILEY'S "FESTUS"

In 1839 was published at Bristol, England, a poem called 'Festus,' by Philip James Bailey, barrister-at-law. Its reception was so favorable that Hudson felt called on to refer to its success as a reversal of the true order of things, as an evidence that "we of to-day build our pyramids base uppermost," and as an indication of the decay of true critical power. Among those who praised the poem were some noted men. Tennyson is said to have written, "I scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance." Not less favorable was the opinion of Lord Lytton: "A most remarkable poem of great beauty and of greater promise. My admiration for it is deep and sincere." But these praises are mild compared with some of the others that were bestowed on the work. One American critic ranked it with the "Iliad," "Macbeth," and "Paradise Lost." "It has enough to set up fifty poets;" still another said, "There is matter enough in it to float a hundred volumes of the usual prosy poetry."

Most of the reviews were written soon after the appearance of the poem, but soon gift copies ceased to circulate, and some half a dozen lines are all that have won for themselves an abiding place in English thought. Though there are but few nuggets of pure thought in the poem, it will not be altogether without gain to examine the dross from which they came. The positive reward may not be great, but we may at least learn something from the author's failure in his method of placing his ore on the public market. It can be considered a misfortune that Bailey was ambitious to write a long poem, and he lost his chance of being considered a great artist by refusing to follow the example of Gray and reduce all that he had to say to the narrowest compass. Whipple says, "In 'Festus' there is a lust after power, there is a hungering and thirsting after unrighteousness, a glow of the imagination unhallowed save by its own energies. There is a disregard of all the moral, religious and artistic associations of others. The work partakes half of Parnassus, half of Bedlam." The opinion of Hudson is about the same, "It is neither

good science nor good poetry. The author mistakes darkness for depth, rudeness for strength. The poem has no vitality, no organization. Its parts are like beads on a string, and we remember the parts because there is no whole." Comparing these words with the opinions quoted at the beginning, we may conclude that the statement of a writer in *Blackwood's* is somewhat nearer the truth than any of those given: "There is genuine poetic power, and an utter disregard of the demands of art. It is chaos come again; but chaos with lightning flashes of genius. Those who are in search of the beauties, and those who are in search of the monstrosities of literature may apply themselves with success to 'Festus.' We wish that we could say that the former would be likely to reap the more abundant harvest!"

Whipple calls the poem the last result of the Satanic school of poetry, for like the "Faust" and "Paradise Lost," it deals with an external spiritual power working for the moral ruin of man. This devil, Lucifer, by name, is in some respects the weakness of all that family of literary devils extending from Marlowe's to Byron's. Fain would we say some good things of Lucifer, as Masson has said of Satan and Mephistopheles in "The Three Devils," but this one is little more than an imitation of Mephistopheles, "the quintessence of skepticism."

Like him, Lucifer appears in heaven and demands that there be given to him one of the youths among the children of men. This request is granted, and with the knowledge that he must fail he goes forth to tempt Festus who could not enjoy anything which had not the "honed sting of sin." And it was his wish that he might have

. an endless dream
Of love and beauty 'mid the stars.

Through this comes the temptation, though the means used by Lucifer do not appear especially devilish, in making the love of Festus the instrument of his ruin, although Hudson says that love is the only idea he has and that is only half an idea. Long harangues follow each other so quickly that we feel that Festus loves wisely but altogether too long. A half also is given to Lucifer for he, too, is represented as falling in love and showing all the pangs of jealousy when he returns from another

world and finds that she whom once he loved is devoted to Festus. In this, Lucifer is an unique member of his family, and few imaginations will be strong enough to conceive of a Lucifer singing love ditties at the feet of his lady-love. The finale is even more remarkable, for when Festus is received into glory, there is heard the command of the Almighty:

Take, Lucifer, thy place. This day art thou
Redeemed to archangelic state;

and then he sees the legions of the lost

Transformed already by the bare behest
Of God, our maker, to the purest form
Of seraph brightness.

Such is a brief outline of the representation of some of the abstract thoughts embodied in human form, for apart from the theological questions discussed, the poem presents the thoughts of an unreal humanity dealing with itself and the worlds about it. The conversations are not all of this world but such as might be used by beings who had never heard of it; nor are they altogether on this world for they appear in heaven and in hell, in the sun and in the sea. Each character passes before us, and in the last scene appears just as in the first, for there is no development, no growth, no change. The poem is in reality a theological argument in which Bailey advances his views in regard to fate, fore-knowledge and free-will. Nearly all the critics call attention to the idea of necessity which is advanced: "Necessity sits on humanity like to the world of Atlas' neck." As all things work together for good, Lucifer is the friend of God, working out His will. The scene in which the Almighty appears do not in any way differ from many of the others, and are especially noticeable for the tone of easy familiarity with which they are pervaded. So familiar is the tone that it has been said that while other men take off their shoes on holy ground, Bailey puts on two pairs and goes boldly to the throne of grace. But while the poem is argumentative its value is not because of the argument but in spite of it, and of the difficulties which it throws in the way of poetic expression.

Lucifer always sneers when he philosophizes, if such his

thinking can be called, and the high ideals of life which are presented are all in the works of Festus. The highest thought-mark is in the following passage, four lines of which circulate freely in the world of thought:

This life's a mystery,
 The value of a single thought cannot be told,
 But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
 Like many men's. And yet men love to live
 As if mere life were worth their living for.
 What but perdition will it be to most?
 Life's more than spirit and the quick round of blood.
 It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
 The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
 One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
 Of good ere night, would make life longer seem
 Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
 Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
 We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
 Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
 Beginning, mean, and end of all things—God.

Some of these words can never pass into nothingness, but like those of great writers of the world have in them all the vigor of perpetual youth. What a pity that the author did not place these lines with a few others in a poem which would exist as a whole! But as he did not, we can rejoice that he has given us this noblest man, who reaches his ideal only through incessant thought and toil:

There is a fire-fly in the southern clime
 Which shineth only when upon the wing;
 So is it with the mind: when once we rest
 We darken. On! said God unto the soul,
 As to the earth, forever. On it goes
 A rejoicing native of the infinite—
 As a bird in air—an orb in heaven.

There does not seem to have been very much discretion used in the selection and arrangement of parts, and the sublime and the ridiculous are often painfully blended. His best and worst are often magnified by contrast with the opposite near at hand. Take a single illustration:

She said she wished to die, and so she died ;
 For cloud-like, she poured out her love, which was
 Her life, to freshen this parched heart. It was thus :
 I said we were to part, but she said nothing.
 There was no discord — it was music ceased —
 Life's thrilling, bounding, bursting joy.

In strange contrast with this "music ceased," only a few lines further on we read,

. . . . my heart shook the building of my breast
 Like a live engine booming up and down.

Another passage quoted in which the author has given his views of the relation of the individual to society:

Nature does
 Never wrong: 'tis society which sins.
 Look on the bee upon the wing among flowers:
 How brave, how bright his life! Then mark him hived,
 Cramped, cringing in his self-built, social cell.
 Thus it is in the world-hive: Most where men
 Lie deep in cities as in drifts — death drifts,
 Nosing each other like a flock of sheep.

Not all the figures and comparisons are poor, for here and there is one that is clearly drawn:

Not to the wanderer over southern seas
 Rises the constellation of the Cross
 More lovelily o'er the sky and calm blue wave
 Than does to me that bright one on thy breast.

Bailey mistook size for beauty, as though unmindful of the fact that the gossamer wing of the fly may be as finely proportioned as the wing of an eagle. This unconsciousness of proportion was a characteristic of his youth, and it clung to him in his old age when he gave to the world a new edition of the work with no new beauties added. Fifty years of work had increased the mass fourfold, and most was dross as before. Ben Jonson says, "I deny not but that men who always seek to do more than enough may sometimes happen on something good and great, but very seldom, and when it does come, it does not recompense the other ills." Bailey well illustrates this, not only in the larger matters of style, but also in the use of single words. His vocabulary is in many respects peculiar, and differs from that of

other writers of his day. As a mere word-study it is interesting, for on nearly every page, may be found expressions that appear strange to us. He seems to take delight in words ending in "-ness," and tells us of the "passingness of things," of "sense of lostness," of the "light of perfectness," of a "hurricane of blissfulness." Of odd phrases he had not a few: "Star-sprent curtain," the "embrownment of a lion's eye," "air pranked with fire," "bodies soulical," "galactic light," "nothing nesh," an "eloquential pause," a "gleed like throng," are a few of many that might be quoted. They indicate that the poet tried to avoid the beaten path, and in so doing he made the poem more showy, but not stronger nor more beautiful, and overlooked the weightier matters of sense and true literary proportions. As a result of this, time must do for the poem what the author did, eliminate the parts which are poor and keep but a little for the enjoyment of men.

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HENRY W. HILLIARD AND WILLIAM L. YANCEY

To-day the typical Alabamian is conversant with his State's history because he is a man of intense State pride. He is proud of the fact that his State's civilization was framed upon models furnished by Virginia and South Carolina statesmanship. As a rule, the accessions to her population from Kentucky and Georgia readily harmonized with the dominant elements. It was North Carolina and Tennessee who injected a more democratic spirit into her aristocratic institutions. Ask the Alabamian who of orators occupy the foremost rank in the State's history, and he will instantly answer, Henry W. Hilliard and William L. Yancey. Ask him what political canvass stands out in boldest relief of all the memorable struggles upon the hustings of the State, and he will unhesitatingly reply, That of Hilliard and Yancey in 1851.

Many famous political canvasses were incited by the slavery and secession issues in the ante bellum South. Among them none surpassed the Hilliard-Yancey canvass in widespread popular interest and exciting incident. Though limited to southeastern Alabama, its various stages were watched throughout the country with an absorbing concern; as ten years later when it became the capital of the Confederacy, Montgomery was a focus of political opinion and activity. This was due to the fact that the city was the home of the two great leaders of the Whig and Democratic parties, Hilliard and Yancey. They represented ably and untiringly the extremes of Southern thought and policy concerning the clear-cut and well-defined issues of the day. While those issues are still matters of current knowledge, the two leading exponents of them, outside Alabama, are well known only to the student of history.

Before detailing the particulars of the canvass, let me endeavor to give, within reasonable space, as true and graphic a picture as I may be able of the two representative party leaders and rivals. Their characters present wide divergencies and striking similarities. Their careers likewise exhibited great contrasts and unique parallelisms. Both were college-trained men.

Hilliard, a native of North Carolina, was a graduate of the College of South Carolina under the presidency of Thomas Cooper, an ultra advocate of free trade and nullification. Yancey, a native of Georgia, was reared and prepared for college by a New England stepfather, Rev. N. S. S. Beaman, one of the most eminent and successful of the many New England school masters who influenced mightily the higher intellectual life of the old South. From his tutelage Yancey was transferred to Williams College in Massachusetts, which he left an undergraduate because of straitened finances.

Some future historian will show that the New Englanders in the South and their immediate descendants, and the native Southerners educated under New England skies and influences were, or came to be, the doughtiest champions of States Rights and Secession, and in the Civil War fought for them with a zeal and a courage surpassed by no participants on either side in that cruel war.

Both Hilliard and Yancey were trained for the law under the best types of Southern lawyers. Hilliard's preceptors were William C. Preston, at Columbia, South Carolina, and Augustin S. Clayton, at Athens, Georgia; Yancey's instructors were Nathan S. Sayre, at Sparta, Georgia, and Benjamin F. Perry, at Greenville, South Carolina. Early in their careers both became editors of newspapers. Hilliard in 1830 edited for one year the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer*; became later incognito editor of the Tuskaloosa (Ala.) *Monitor*; and from 1839 to 1841 directed the editorial policy of the Montgomery (Ala.) *Journal*. Yancey, before he reached his majority, edited the Greenville (S. C.) *Mountaineer*. In 1836 he settled at Cahawba, Alabama, where he combined the practice of law with cotton planting and edited the Cahawba *Democrat*. Later moving to Coosa county, he edited the Wetumpka *Argus*. The combination of the two occupations, because of the intimate association of law and politics at the time, was a very common arrangement, by no means so exceptional as at present, when journalism has become almost as distinctive and complicated a profession as the law. It is noteworthy that at the outset of their professional lives, coeval with the nullification issue in

South Carolina, both were staunch defenders of the Union, and opposed vehemently the extreme position of the Calhoun school of constructionists.

Their activity in political life began with election to the State Legislature. Hilliard in 1838 represented Montgomery county in the house of representatives. In a noted speech on resolutions to instruct the senators of Alabama in Congress to support the sub-treasury system, he laid the foundation of his future career in politics. Tuscaloosa was then the capital. Here he had lived three years while professor of English literature in the State university. Already an orator of established reputation and popular in all ranks of society, the galleries and lobbies thronged with the city's elite and visiting strangers to hear him meet in combat William Smith, of Madison County, an aged statesman and well-trying politician who had won his spurs years before as senator from South Carolina in the United States Senate. Hilliard won a triumphant and brilliant success, despite the fact that the majority in the House was safely democratic. Yancey became a member of the Alabama house of representatives in 1841, and two years later was elected to the senate. He made reputation as a forceful debater and eloquent speaker. As state legislator his name is associated with a successful effort to eliminate the enumeration of negroes from the basis of representation in the Legislature, and the enactment of a law protecting the estates of married women.

Both men became members of Congress about the same time. In 1844 Yancey was elected to fill the vacancy created by the elevation of Dixon H. Lewis to the United States Senate. Hilliard, after serving two years as *chargé d'affaires* in Belgium, was elected to Congress in 1845. Yancey served nearly two terms, resigning in his second term because, as he declared, he was too poor to be a congressman. Hilliard served three terms, and voluntarily relinquished a position which he might have retained indefinitely. Yancey's congressional career is chiefly remembered by the duel he fought with Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, wherein they exchanged shots without suffering personal harm, to the perfect satisfaction of personal honor. With his first speech Hilliard took high rank. This was on the

Oregon "fifty-four forty or fight" question. It was his wise and tactful suggestion that brought the house to a satisfactory solution and possibly forestalled a precipitate war with Great Britain. The House had debated whether or not to claim the whole of Oregon by legislative act and to give notice at once to Great Britain to vacate and surrender her claims. Hilliard proposed in his speech that a resolution be passed empowering President Polk to give notice whenever he deemed it best, a proposal which was accepted as the solution of a delicate situation. The honor belonging to Hilliard was all the greater because arrayed against him were Stephen A. Douglass, chairman of the committee on Territories, and C. J. Ingersoll, chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations, two of the most influential members of the lower house. John Quincy Adams, then serving Massachusetts in the House of Representatives, after listening attentively to the argument, approached Hilliard enthusiastically and said to him: "I come to congratulate you, Sir; I think you have settled the question."

Yancey was the champion bolter or independent of his times. He was perfectly willing to bear whatever odium and ostracism attached to his course, whenever he revolted because he was not permitted to write or dictate the platforms of his party. In 1848, unable to secure the adoption of a declaration in the national platform strongly protecting Southern interests as he viewed the situation, he withdrew from the Baltimore convention that nominated Lewis Cass for President. He was able to carry with him but one of the Alabama delegation. His act was interpreted as one of moral courage, though deemed highly prejudicial to party welfare. In 1852 he repudiated the platforms of the two great national parties and allied himself with the small factional element led by Troup and Quitman. In 1856, finding the Cincinnati convention that nominated Buchanan to be substantially in accord with his views, he again became active in party ranks and was placed at the head of the Buchanan electoral ticket. In the Alabama state convention in 1860, he drew up the platform which the Charleston convention should adopt, and prepared the instructions for the Alabama delegation to withdraw in the event of failure to win — which was done.

Hilliard, equally conscientious but conservative, believed in fighting out differences in the party organization, just as he believed in the South securing her right in the Union rather than by making the attempt through secession from the Union. A staunch defender of slavery and of moderate Southern interpretations of the Constitution, he viewed the disintegration of the Whig party with deep dismay and bitter regrets. From its political chart he had never deviated. When in 1856, the American party made its forlorn campaign, with the battered fragments of the Whig party leagued with discordant and heterogeneous elements, he worked valiantly for the election of Fillmore and Donelson. In 1860, a man without a party, as a spectator he attended the Charleston convention. With the organization of the Bell and Everett campaign, he ardently championed its platform and the ticket. When Alabama seceded he went with his state, became one of the Confederate commissioners to Tennessee to induce her to join her fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, and went to the front with three thousand men, known as "Hilliard's Legion."

As intimated, Yancey was unyielding and persistent in any cause he espoused. He had no patience with suggestions of compromises. So unrelenting in spirit and denunciatory in language was he, that he was distrusted as a leader of his own party. Men esteemed him visionary, impractical, injudicious. This impression was so far-reaching as to discredit his leadership. Great and forceful man that he was, he had not that true greatness which concedes to others the possibility of holding correct views on debatable questions wherein they differed with him. With him there was no tolerance, no middle ground.

Hilliard was exactly the opposite in spirit. He contended for his rights and views with a heroic purpose and unquenchable ardor, yet he always knew when he was beaten and accepted as an alternative the best compromises he could secure. His manners were suggestive of unfailing courtesy. His speech was couched in elegant phraseology. He yielded to others honesty of conviction and sincerity of motive. He was never so solicitous about the prevalence of his own opinions as he was about the effect the policy advocated by him would have upon the im-

mediate welfare and future destiny of the country. His patriotism was national rather than sectional. In supporting the compromise measures of 1850 he brought down upon himself torrents of wrath and abuse. Hilliard was highly endowed with the prescience of statesmanship. He knew that slavery was doomed, that the South was buffeting the waves of advancing progress and civilization, and that it remained for her to get the best terms possible under constitutional guarantees. Yancey declared that the South, having no longer any security for her institutions and property rights, had but the one recourse, to withdraw from the Union — peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary.

With his domineering spirit and sensitive nature, Yancey very naturally became involved in the personal difficulties so characteristic of the period and his section. Just after reaching manhood he killed in a street fight Dr. Robinson Earle, at Greenville, South Carolina. Tried for murder, his sentence was a fine of Fifteen Hundred Dollars and twelve months' imprisonment. The governor of South Carolina remitted One Thousand of the fine and waived the imprisonment provision. Allusion has been made to the duel with Clingman. A curious illustration of his irascibility, frankness, and resentment is shown in an incident that occurred during the Civil War while in the Confederate Senate. John J. Seibels had edited the *Montgomery Advertiser*, the democratic organ that supported Yancey and his extreme views with unwavering tenacity and fidelity. A brave Confederate officer, he was urged for promotion to a brigadier generalship. Seibels' friends entrusted the matter to Yancey. Taking it up with President Davis, Yancey said to him: "I am not on speaking terms with Colonel Seibels, and do not expect to be; but I urge his promotion." Davis refused peremptorily, and supposedly because of a political difference several years previous between himself and Seibels. Davis' course and treatment caused a breach with Yancey which was never healed.

On one occasion Yancey called upon Hilliard for a personal explanation of some remarks interpreted as derogatory to his character. In Hilliard's third canvass for Congress he

was pushed hard by his competitor, James L. Pugh, who in later days represented Alabama for many years in the United States Senate. Pugh assumed the role of assailant, and attacked Hilliard's record aggressively and relentlessly. Yancey was Pugh's warmest supporter on the stump, having been called from South Carolina to take up his cause. It was a stubborn, hard-fought race, doubtful to the end. Hilliard's success, in the face of such determined, spirited opposition, created great enthusiasm and rejoicing among the Whigs. After Pugh's defeat, Hilliard's friends prepared a grand banquet in his honor at the Exchange Hotel in Montgomery. In his speech he likened the contest on the part of his opponents to a game of cards, saying "The best trump of my adversaries was reserved for the last, and lo! it turned up a knave." Informants told Yancey the remark referred to him as mention was made of one "brought all the way from South Carolina." Yancey took umbrage and made inquiry of Hilliard whether the allusion was to him, and requested the language used. Hilliard's reply, August 10, 1849, was:

DEAR SIR: I hasten to reply to your note, which has just been handed to me by Colonel Elmore [John A.], and which, I regret to see, discloses some feeling in regard to a playful remark of mine. Our personal relations have been uniformly kind, and I have too sincere respect for those relations to employ any remark in regard to you which could be construed to your injury. If you had heard my speech, I am sure you would have laughed at it in perfect good temper.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

HENRY W. HILLIARD.

Once before, while in Congress, Yancey engaged Hilliard in spirited colloquy. It ended in Hilliard's discomfiture, though there was no outburst or expression of personal feeling. In debate, Hilliard was defending Webster against the imputations cast by the Ingersoll resolution to investigate the use of the secret-service money when Webster was Secretary of State. In the discussion, the bounty given Webster by the business men of Massachusetts, professedly to enable him to remain in public service, was a point of attack for democrats. Mr. Hilliard de-

nounced severely what he termed "the tracking down of public men" and "the turning over of the pages of vile party defamation." In reply Yancey could not resist sending a poisoned shaft to a vulnerable spot. He asked Hilliard if in the campaign of 1840 he had not resorted to the practice of "Ogleism," meaning the reproduction of belittling charges made by Congressman Ogle against Van Buren in 1840. He asked if Hilliard had not told the "gold spoon story on Van Buren and repeated the count of the utensils in the White House kitchen, and ransacked the bed chambers for an inventory of articles found there?" Hilliard acknowledged the corn, and Yancey said that he had never indulged in "tracking down" men in public life in that way.

In young mahood Hilliard became a Methodist local preacher. In the course of a long life he never felt ashamed of his religious professions, and steadfastly adhered to his purpose to fill the pulpit at intervals. He carefully refrained, therefore, from any step that might reflect upon the gospel of peace, good will, and charitable judgment which he preached with recognized power. His self-control was often sorely tried. On two occasions in Congress his avocation was made the target for insidious thrusts. He resented them with dignified demeanor, but in denunciatory language unmistakable in meaning. Thaddeus Stevens, who made himself cordially distasteful and personally obnoxious to his political adversaries, took occasion to allude to Hilliard's ministry in a debate on the slavery question. He told Hilliard that he should announce to his distinguished friend, President Zachary Taylor, his impending doom by selecting the text, "Accursed is the man-stealer," and should entreat him to escape the divine anger by abandoning his slaves. In answer, Hilliard said that he would leave the condemnation of one guilty of such offensive language and gross impropriety to the sense of justice and decency cherished by men of honor and intelligence.

Edward Stanley, congressman from North Carolina, offered him a like indignity, charging him with a desecration of the scriptures "by quotations from them urging the citizens of the United States to shed each other's blood" and "with a design

to break up the Union." Instantly Hilliard rose in his seat and indignantly pronounced the insult gratuitous, the statement false, and the charge atrocious. He commended the member's discretion in singling out for assault one whose professions forbade further notice than indignant protest and verbal condemnation. The next day he made a speech of some length explanatory of his sentiments and course touching disunion and Southern Rights. Therein he adverted to his unpremeditated and harsh reply as stronger than would have been made in a cooler moment and under less provocation.

I come now to the events which put the powers and talents of these two men to the supreme test. They were the only two men in Alabama who could be anything like evenly matched when there was to be called into play the greatest exhibitions of forensic ability and eloquent statement by champions of the two great national parties. They had never met before the people in any extended debate of stirring issues. There was a general eagerness to see them in the arena grappling with the throbbing themes of the hour, and yet there was hesitation. There were misgivings lest the banner so long and proudly borne by the party champion and idol might trail in the dust of defeat.

On December 3, 1850, in the *National Intelligencer*, Hilliard published a letter to his constituents, declining to serve longer in Congress. He expressed gratitude for the generous support that had been given to him, and for the repeated manifestations of the approval of his political course. He thought he could retire without detriment to the cause of Southern Rights and to the interests of the country. He declared his belief that, through the compromise measures, internal discord had been allayed and fraternal concord would again reign supreme. Withdrawing from public life and resuming his professional career in the vigor of manhood, he hoped, in the happiness and quietude of private life among a people whose affection he cherished, to promote his long neglected private interests.

Despite the announced motives, the democrats attacked persistently and unsparingly his record in Congress, confining the brunt of the attack to the compromise measures. They even imputed to him as a political crime the fact that he supped on

one occasion with Daniel Webster, notwithstanding the latter had made his celebrated 7th of March speech. They maintained that he was afraid to enter again the race for fear of defeat, and that they were eager to have one more opportunity of sending him to his political grave.

Hilliard's declination was final, despite protests and entreaties on the part of his friends, and reflections and imputations on the part of his enemies. Accordingly, the ascendant Whig party of the Montgomery district cast about for a successor who would continue to achieve Whig victories. The choice fell upon James Abercrombie. For many years Abercrombie had been an influential representative in the upper and lower houses of the State Legislature, and had spent, liberally and legitimately, of his wealth and time for party success. While a member of the house of representatives he had been won over to the Whig ranks in the fight against the sub-treasury scheme so ably led by Hilliard. The democrats nominated as his opponent John Cochran, the son of a Cocke County (Tennessee) farmer and graduate of Greenville College. He was a lawyer of high standing in Barbour County and had done yeoman service for his party.

In the meantime Congress had adjourned and Hilliard had returned to Montgomery. Abercrombie had made a canvass of the district in the spring of 1851, and returned to Montgomery thoroughly disheartened about his chances of election in August following. His fright was shared by many veterans of the Whig faith, who at the time happened to be in the city attending the Supreme Court. The attacks on Hilliard were bearing fruit in creating distrust and accomplishing the disintegration of the party. At a conference of the leaders the situation was thoroughly discussed. It was decided that only under the matchless spell of Hilliard's oratory and influence the district could be held loyal to the Whig cause. Within thirty-six hours the character of campaign was agreed upon. Posters were printed and circulated that the old victor of many a hard-fought field would speak at various strategic points in the district.

The Whig organ of the state was the *Alabama Journal* published at Montgomery and edited by John Codman Bates, a New

Englander and graduate of Middlebury College in Vermont. As an exponent of Whig principles and a writer of stirring editorials advocating Whig policies, he deserves to rank with fellow New England contemporaries, George D. Prentice of the *Louisville Journal*, C. C. Langdon of the *Mobile Commercial Advertiser*, George W. Kendall of the *New Orleans Picayune*, and a splendid array of others similarly engaged in various cities of the South. Bates in editorials and Hilliard in a card assigned as a reason for Hilliard's decision in taking the stump that the latter had been so maligned and misrepresented by his political enemies, that duty and justice demanded that he should defend his course before his political friends and supporters in heart to heart talks; that they honored him in the past, and might construe silence as a lack of courage, a want of appreciation, and a betrayal of confidence. Not being a candidate for re-election, he said that he would invite no one of opposing views to meet him and would countenance no interference as demanded by either justice or courtesy.

The reasons assigned were adroit; but the alert and aroused democrats did not fail to see the object and significance of the new tactics. They declared the reasons set forth to be a miserable subterfuge and were determined to goad Hilliard into accepting their chosen champion, Yancey, as an opponent at each of the appointments. Their organ, the *Advertiser*, edited by a fiery South Carolinian and graduate of the College of South Carolina, John J. Seibels, poured out constant volleys of irritating editorial shot and shell. Hilliard's appointments were declared to be "arrogance and presumption," "a monstrous outrage." The *Journal* replied with biting sarcasm: "Hilliard has beat his enemies into a miserable cocked hat, routed the whole concern, 'horse, foot, and dragoons,' — therefore, these vials of wrath and ebullitions of the old venom." Then hurling defiance, the *Journal* said: "*Carpe diem!* Go ahead! Take your time, Miss Lucy! Go it while you are juveniles! Hilliard's appointments are private, and conventionalisms of society and good taste forbid invading them; but a free country!" The *Advertiser* retorted that the plan was simply carrying out a bargain made two years before, when Hilliard, for Abercrom-

bie's aid, offered to stand aside now and help the latter win. The *Journal* denounced the statement as "utterly untrue; mere moonshine. There was no such agreement." At the same time Hilliard came out in another card saying: "I shall adhere to my first resolution. No taunts, no criticisms, no comments will deter me. I shall pay no attention to any one selected to meet me. I have had my personal triumphs over the combined forces of my enemies — talent, influence, money, the press, the orators, great and small. I prefer to confer quietly with my old constituents, without interruption and in the absence of excitement engendered by angry debate."

When the *Advertiser* pronounced the card and position of Hilliard a piece of arrogance and presumption, the *Journal's* answer was in its most sarcastic vein: "What right has he (Mr. H.) to speak in defense of this contemptible union, or even in self-defense? The very announcement causes some to shake in their shoes. They have reason for it, and the utter and desperate fear of the man, as evinced by their constant and bitter attacks, is warranted by their experience — they have felt the weight of his weapon. He has met them too often at Philippi; and the remembrance of those encounters is accompanied with recollections other than grateful and cheering in divers quarters. In the flash language of another, they have never met him in the last fourteen years that 'he did not maul the dog-water out of them in a style too numerous to mention.' Hence these fears — 'the burnt cat dreads the fire.'"

The democrats were not to be thwarted in their purpose, by etiquette, ridicule, or threats. They were determined that Yancey should appear with Hilliard at his first and every other appointment, though to do so it was necessary to cancel an engagement to deliver the annual address before literary societies of the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa. Hilliard was announced to make his opening speech at Union Springs, a village forty-five miles distant from Montgomery, the home of wealthy planters and of a refined people. Accompanied by a large following of enthusiastic adherents, Yancey appeared on the ground at the hour named on the handbills and claimed the right of presenting jointly his views on current issues. Confronted by

Yancey on the spot, there was no alternative left to Hilliard except to meet him face to face. He agreed, therefore, that a committee of his friends should arrange with a Yancey committee the details of debate. It was decided that Yancey should open and Hilliard close, with an allotment of one and a half hour to each. This was not altogether satisfactory to Yancey. At first he insisted that the order should be reversed, on the ground that it was Hilliard's work to build up and his to tear down. Inasmuch as it was Hilliard's plan of campaign that he was breaking his way into forcibly, he yielded the point after some stickling, and launching out poured forth his destructive broadsides against his opponent upon a sea of eager, up-turned faces. He charged Hilliard with inconsistency on the slavery question and pressed the point that a man holding such views could not be entrusted with the interest of the South. He denounced Fillmore and Webster as opposed to the extension of slavery, and Hale and Giddings as unqualified, uncompromising abolitionists. He scored the compromise measures unmercifully. They brought no relief to the South, and were discountenanced by the leading statesmen of the North. Eloquent tribute was paid to the chivalry of the South and to the valor of Southern soldiery in the Mexican war. The Southerner having fought and won the battles of that war, two-thirds of the acquired territory should be at his disposition. He favored immediate secession, but would abide by his party's action. After speaking somewhat over an hour, he asked how much time remained to him. The answer came twenty-five minutes. Then his partisans shouted "Go on! Go on!" He replied that he wanted only five minutes more. Amid shouts to "go on," he soon desisted with the remark: "Well, I have said enough for Hilliard to chew on for ten hours, and I'll quit." In his book, "Politics and Pen Pictures," Hilliard says of him: "He spoke for more than an hour with animation, but not with the vigor I had expected from him."

Enthusiastically received by his friends, Hilliard began his reply with an expression of regret that his original plan had been thwarted, and that a joint discussion had been forced upon him against his judgment. He discussed the ordinance of 1787

forbidding slavery in the northwest territory, thus showing the institution from the government's beginnings had been under congressional control, though he believed in its extension as in any other property right. In an aggravated form the question did not rise until the Oregon territorial government was in process of formation. To the bill organizing the territory the Wilmot proviso, forbidding slavery, was attached, and Mr. Yancey, while a member of Congress, voted for the bill with this prohibitory clause. He discussed the compromise measures, and attempted to show by the provisions that the South stood then in advance of any position it had held on slavery for the ten years preceding. He did not question the sincerity of Yancey in advocating secession, but declared it unwise and unstatesmanlike. He maintained his loyalty to the South, while professing friendship for the Union. After hearing the debate, a Chuneynuggee farmer declared that Yancey had been completely "over-crapped."

The exposure of Yancey's vote on the Oregon bill disconcerted and irritated him greatly. It forced him to an explanation. On the floor of Congress he had opposed vigorously the clause prohibiting slavery; but defeated, he voted for the territorial organization on the ground that some form of government was imperatively needed in that far off region. On the third day a serious breach came about, and for a time the debate was interrupted. The occasion of the rupture shows how an insignificant matter — the thoughtless use of a word — may produce unfortunate misunderstandings. At the same time it shows the eagerness and readiness of an opponent to catch any slender thread whereon to hang a point and clinch an argument. Hilliard was not wholly blameless in the affair.

Yancey, explaining how he voted for the Oregon bill with the Wilmot proviso, said that the vote was cast upon a bill to *admit* Oregon. In his reply Hilliard alluded to the fact with emphasis that Yancey had said that it was a vote to *admit* Oregon. The word *admit* was used inadvertently instead of *organize*, one having reference to statehood, the other to territorial entity. Doubtless forgetting that he had used the word *admit*, Yancey rose promptly and pronounced Hilliard's statement false and

said that Hilliard knew it was so when he made it. His manner was very offensive and highly insulting. A Hilliard organ, the *Eufaula Southern Shield*, edited by Benjamin Gardner, describes Yancey, on the occasion, as using "rough and uncouth language," "anything but courteous," "out of temper," when Hilliard "handled him without gloves," "and exposed his unfairness and disingenuousness, holding up his vote on the Oregon bill, with the Wilmot proviso in it."

With the close of debate Hilliard decided to break off all future discussion with Yancey without some explanations, and assurances that such an occurrence would not be repeated. The next day's speaking had been announced to take place at Eufaula, next to Montgomery the most important town in the district. Great crowds had gathered in eager anticipation of a great battle of giants, inasmuch as the canvass was already far-famed and widely advertised. The respective retinues of noted politicians and enthusiastic adherents from adjoining counties, who were taking in every appointment to speed on the good work as each interpreted it, were on hand. The excitement was intense. There was dismay created by the threatened interruption. Notes passed between the representatives of each gentleman in a vain effort to bring the speakers together on the same platform; but Hilliard was inflexible in his purpose to permit no joint discussion without an apology. With a correspondence ending to no purpose, Yancey's partisans claimed vociferously that Hilliard had backed out, while Hilliard's friends maintained that Yancey had shown the white feather. For several days each gentleman spoke separately, while filling their appointments. This was entirely too tame an affair after so much fun and such displays of fireworks. Eventually the two orators were brought together, differences were satisfactorily adjusted, and the joint discussion continued to the end. Hilliard in his book, "Politics and Pen Pictures," after speaking of the renewal of cordial relations says: "Before the debate opened Mr. Yancey and I were seated in pleasant conversation, when he said to me: 'Mr. Hilliard, shall we have a friendly debate to-day?' I replied: 'Mr. Yancey, I must mention your vote on the Oregon question; I cannot overlook it to-day.'"

Infinite satisfaction was expressed by the adherents of each over the results at each appointment, and the honors of victory were adjudged and proclaimed according to party bias. I should be disposed to question the accuracy of the judgment of the *Alabama Journal* editor touching the effect of the canvass upon each of the distinguished combatants, were it not for the overwhelming victory achieved by the Whigs, or Union men, over the Democrats, or Southern Rights, men at the polls. Abercrombie won by twelve hundred majority, a majority far exceeding any given Hilliard in any of his contests. The canvass closed at Montgomery with a barbecue and a five hour's debate between Hilliard and Yancey. Speaking of Yancey the *Journal* said: "No one could have defended a bad cause better than did Mr. Yancey. Every point of supposed advantage, of which the subject was susceptible, was ably made by him. He seemed hampered, however—the banner of secession was not over him—his heart did not seem in it—and he found himself in a position which he recently deprecated—that of tolerating expediency and milder remedies. His tone is changed from that ultraism which he so boldly urged before the commencement of the canvass, and as Mr. Hilliard said, he has made him a very fair Union man as times go. In that respect Mr. Hilliard claims him as the captive of his bow and spear.

"Mr. Hilliard was in fine spirits, evidently feeling like Rob Roy, that 'his foot was in his native heath, and that his name was McGregor.' He returns exulting, triumphant, and full of confidence from the combat. Not a feather has been struck from his lofty crest, and without mark of stroke of lance upon helm or shield. The banner which was entrusted to his hands he brings back, as ever before, brilliant with the lustre of victory. His inspiring eloquence awoke the confidence and enthusiasm of his friends and the friends of the cause, who responded to it with rapturous cheers."

Judge William R. Smith, in his "Reminiscences of a Long Life," has a very readable sketch of Hilliard. Therein at some length in a brilliant vein he describes an incident of the debate. This was Yancey's effective use of the phrase, 'god of battles,' and Hilliard's equally effective demolition of it. I am in-

clined to think this a myth, the product of a fervid imagination, for in reading repeatedly the narrative of the debate in successive issues of Hilliard's mouthpiece, the *Journal*, I find no such incident mentioned. The nearest approach to anything of the kind is Hilliard's playful allusion, at one appointment, to the act of Yancey's friends in carrying from place to place a cannon, which was fired to disturb Hilliard. He said at Midway: "Mr. Yancey and the gun are alike. The gun is a *big* gun, and so is Mr. Yancey; but I am not afraid of either, as they both fire *blank cartridges*." I regret my disillusionment, or rather that I must question the authenticity of the Judge's story, for it is a passage which I have read and re-read with an ever-increasing zest.

As a curious relic of political doggerel and buncombe, I resurrect a campaign song sung at one of the barbecues of the canvass to the tune, "The Old Granite State," and composed by J. S. Vann:

We have come from hill and valley, we have come from hill and valley,
We have come from hill and valley here to sing a Union song;
We are all for our country, we are all for our country,
We are all for our country, and we'll show it at the polls.

We are all true-hearted Union men, we are all true-hearted men,
We are all true-hearted Union men, Abercrombie at the head,
And we go for Arthur Bowden, and also for William Kirkland,
Come all true-hearted Southerners, and let us save our country.

Now success to Abercrombie, shout the sons of old Columbia,
He is going for the Union, and we'll speed him on his way,
For we hope this mighty nation may retain her present station,
And strife and divisions may be all done away.

You may tell us of disunion and your Southern Rights communion
We are children of the Union; we are not to be deceived
By a false pretension to a Southern Rights convention,
For the whole intention is this Union to dissolve.

We are all Washingtonians, we are all Madisonians,
We are all Jeffersonians, and are friends to the South;
But we hope to see this Union, North and South, in such communion,
Going hand in hand together, and our institutions prize.

Our country's now in motion, as a ship upon the ocean,
But we have a secret notion that she shall not be lost;
Though the wind and tide are swelling, our speakers they are telling
Us with trust on our side we can stand a mighty host.

May some sweet spirit guide us through the storm that doth betide us;
Though our enemies deride us, we still united stand
On the rock of our Constitution, and we fear no sad pollution,
For we think this thing Disunion must perish from the land.

In this canvass Hilliard reached the climax of his oratorical power and success. The Whig party, to which he had given such faithful allegiance, was then being swallowed up in the vortex of the slavery agitation. The waning of its fortunes and the growing unpopularity of the Union sentiment in the South placed him and his views on the losing side in the conflict of great, momentous issues. With the crystallization of Southern sentiment towards his point of view, Yancey grew steadily thereafter with conscious strength to more gigantic proportions until he reached the zenith of his oratorical power and success in the Charleston convention of 1860.

The estimates placed upon the two orators by surviving contemporaries have a remarkable unanimity. The epithets applied to them indicate their distinctive traits of character and peculiarities of style. Yancey was termed "the Demosthenes of the South," "the Patrick Henry of the Second Revolution," while his opponents called him "the Achilles of Secession." Hilliard was a Chesterfield in manners and a Chevalier Bayard in spirit. The physical make-up of each fulfilled the popular conception of the orator's personal appearance. Hilliard was courtly in bearing, graceful in movement, tall of stature, finely proportioned of body, with a clear, soft eye of blue which lighted up a benignant countenance. Yancey was of the average height, compact of body without superfluous flesh, of strong features, and had flashing black eyes which bespoke a passionate temperament. He carried himself like a lion.

Hilliard devoted his early professional years to an exhaustive study of Demosthenes and Cicero, and patterned his orations after those of the renowned orators of antiquity. He familiarized himself with ancient and modern history, studied discriminatingly and quoted felicitously the poets, and used the material garnered with consummate tact and telling effect. Furthermore, he used figures drawn from nature with great success. The grandeur and ruggedness of the mountains and the vastness

and fury of the sea were often invoked to give sublimity and emphasis to his flowing periods. Yancey towered in constructive argument and in impassioned outbursts of eloquence. He was so unique and individualistic that he may be said to have had no models. His orations showed an intimate knowledge of history and a wide acquaintance with classical mythology. Not being the accomplished scholar that Hilliard was, he was not addicted so much to literary anecdote and poetic quotation as his distinguished rival.

It may be well to let Hilliard tell further of the abilities of his famous rival whom he survived nearly thirty years. In passages selected here and there from his book, "Politics and Pen Pictures," Hilliard says: "Of great intellect, high culture, commanding presence, great magnetism, and powerful in debate, Mr. Yancey was in every way an extraordinary man. Opening his speeches in a manner that was courteous and pleasing, exhibiting nothing of the latent passions of his nature, as he advanced in his argument he not only presented great intellectual force in the statement of his propositions, but he exhibited a vehemence unsurpassed in our country since the time of Patrick Henry. It was because he believed that the safety of the South depended upon a vigorous assertion of its rights at all hazards, involving even the subversion of the Union, that when he addressed the people, the ardor of his patriotism flamed up with volcanic energy and splendor. In reviewing my intercourse with public men, I recall no one who made a greater impression upon me than the Hon. William L. Yancey."

However imperfect and unsatisfactory in the performance, my task is now done. With impartial judgment and warm sympathy I have attempted to bring before the mind's eye of the reader some idea of the tremendous influence wielded by those two distinguished representatives of the old South in the special forum of their distinctive activities and in the special exhibition of their distinctive endowments.

GEORGE F. MELLEN.

Knoxville, Tennessee.

THE ORIGINALITY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI*

By PAUL SABATIER

I did not intend to deliver an oratorical panegyric; nothing is further from my thought. I should like to have all of us alike get beyond the region of æsthetic and intellectual admiration, and reach the level of personal, sympathetic emotion.

I want to allow St. Francis himself to speak. Of course the subject which we are discussing to-day could never possibly have presented itself to his mind. He would have been pained beyond measure if his originality had been mentioned to him, for his chief aim was to repress in himself all originality.

From the first moment of his spiritual life; from the time of the famous vision at St. Damian, when kneeling before the crucifix, he heard the mysterious appeal deep down in his heart showing him the way he had to go: "Francis, go and repair My House, for thou seest it falleth in ruins"—from then on to the day, when stretched naked on the bare earth of Portioncula, he returned to God, while the brethren chanted psalms, and the nightingales sang their songs—always, it can be said, that every instant he was striving for depersonalization. The Imitation of Jesus Christ was his constant preoccupation. But is it not plain that when one reaches these depths of personality the Christ with which we are dealing is no longer the Jesus of history, but rather the ideal figure whom St. Paul called the second Adam—an expression marvellous for its laconic brevity? There are two men in us—not two men in constant struggle, as is frequently represented—one the truth, the other a lie; one good, the other evil; one God Himself, the other the devil. It may be these points of view can explain what takes place in us in those solemn moments when our conscience stands hesitating at the parting of the ways, one road before us ascending, the other leading downward. But there are normal circumstances when this comparison fails to answer to facts. Speaking in a

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natural sense, there is only one man is us, in biblical language, the old Adam. The whole effort of religion is the creation in us of the new Adam. Here is the mystery of the new birth.

He who has come to understand this, not only intellectually, but in his heart and will, is the new creature. It makes little difference at which stage he may be, he is progressing. Conscience in this way must come to be master of itself; if it is Christian, it must make this effort in Christ; that is to say it evokes first His historic *persona* and communes with Him in spirit. It often fails to recognize that in seeking Christ, it finds itself and creates its better self. Here, it may be said, is just the point where St. Francis is original. His effort to imitate Christ brought him to realize in a perfect degree his own personality without his being at all conscious that he had found himself.

But it would be impossible for us to keep on such an elevation as this. Poetry and music alone are able to unveil these secrets of the soul. Let it be enough to indicate the idea I have in mind, and let us try to study, not the originality of St. Francis from this isolated point of view, but under its most striking aspect.

Will you allow me, gentlemen, to confess to you that I have a rather ungenerous idea in my mind? I think I can perceive from the movement of your lips, from the expression in your eyes, that you are asking yourselves a question. Perhaps some of you regret that I have not answered it already for you. Am I mistaken in thinking that when this lecture was announced, or perhaps even when I began, you asked yourselves, "Whom or what is he going to attack?" It is true at the present day we have got into the habit of seeing our contemporaries arrange themselves according to their hatreds rather than according to their predilections. The necessity of being in opposition to some one or something is, perhaps, the most unpleasant tendency of the day. You will find nothing of this kind in what I propose to say. We will try to get inspiration from the example of St. Francis, who is essentially a peacemaker. Having peace in himself, he took it with him everywhere.

Yet we should make a mistake if we thought of him as going

about redressing wrongs like a kind of judge, rather more enlightened than the rest, a man who upheld the good and condemned the bad. Legends present him as going to towns and villages and re-establishing public peace. Do not make the mistake of thinking that he had the parties brought before him, that he spent time hearing their complaints, that he took much trouble apportioning to each one his deserts. Do not imagine, too, that by a sort of miracle his decision came to him by inspiration. No! there is nothing true in such suppositions. At the sight of him, his hearers forgot their quarrels. In an instant, they were drawn into that serene and salutary region where the air is so pure and so life-giving that they felt new strength given them, where they saw that there was so much to do that the idea of losing time in miserable and petty squabbles did not even enter their minds.

I wish this were so to-day. We should go calmly along our way, greeting those we meet on the right hand and on the left; we should go into the fields, too, along the road to shake hands with hardy laborers at work there; perhaps we would guide their plow for a moment so that they could rest awhile. If some one barred our path we would try to pass on in humility, even asking pardon. Francis of Assisi used to ask pardon even of robbers; he even thought that if the Wolf of Gubbio made a habit of devouring people and cattle, that was no reason to treat it discourteously.

The great originality of St. Francis was his Catholicism. But what in St. Francis' case constitutes originality, is that he was a Catholic of a type never seen before his time, and of which there are very few specimens after his time, at least among the men whose history we know.

Do not be alarmed, do not think that I am going to try to say that the Poverello's Catholicism was original, individual and peculiar. A Catholicism which was leaning towards schism or heresy is quite contrary to my thought. It was a Catholicism very different from the kind we commonly know; but not because it took a direction different from that of the strictest orthodoxy, but because it went so far in this direction that we are hardly able with our sight to follow its course.

It often happens on Alpine excursions that we see in front of us, on a height far above, near the summit, some one who started before we did. We are apt to imagine that this traveller did not follow the ordinary path, that he took another one hidden in the brushwood. And we find that while we are searching for this supposed path, we allow the distance to increase which separates us from those who are really harder walkers than we are.

So it is with the Catholicism of St. Francis. If it bears only a very slight resemblance to the Catholicism which we see disseminated about us, the reason is not that he gave it an impoverished form or emptied it of its significance. On the contrary, it is infinitely richer, more fruitful, and more conscious of its power.

Now you understand why I hesitate to associate the term "orthodoxy" with the name of St. Francis. This expression, it is obvious, has something juridical and external about it. What would you think of a man and wife who only tried to keep the bare terms of their marriage contract in obedience to the articles of the legal code? From the point of view of law nothing could be said against them. Yet it is clear that no real and profound love existed between them; and even an intense interest in observing the written law would in itself constitute a sufficient proof of all absence of love.

It is the same in religious things. When care for the letter saturates our life, it marks a feeble and infirm faith, even if it does not indicate its entire absence. This fact is what caused St. Paul to utter the immortal saying: "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." My meaning can be made plain by a parallel. What does it mean to be a citizen of a country? Is it being born in it? It is quite possible as the result of special circumstances to be born in a country we really do not belong to. Is it living in it? Is it paying taxes, I mean money taxes and blood taxes? Is it enjoying the civil rights of the country?—observing its laws? Clearly the person who has all of these claims on a country is, from the legal point of view, a perfect citizen, an orthodox citizen; but can we say that these items exhaust the whole significance of the idea of a citizen?

From the legal point of view, this catalogue certainly means a good deal; spiritually it has almost no significance. The citizen is a man who feels that he is a member of an immense family, which he does not indeed know, which he will never know; a family which goes back thousands of years, from whom he has received innumerable benefits, to which he is bound by ever enduring obligations. The citizen is a man who, recognizing the enormous efforts accomplished before his day, wishes to participate in them; and to continue them he does not keep a ledger account of what he owes, of what he receives; he never thinks of putting his troubles in commercial equation, and he does not hesitate to sacrifice himself. The legal and pagan idea of property which still marks our legal code, may appear to him provisionally necessary, corresponding to a certain stage of civilization. But in his soul and conscience he feels that he has passed beyond it. He feels literally responsible and accountable to his fellow citizens for the use of his time, his position, his strength, his talents.

In a word, the citizen is a man who abiding on the soil where he was born, realizes that he has special obligations to it, loves it first because it is the land which nursed him, whence he drew his material life; then he learns to love it, gradually, more actively, more religiously, because it is the soil which has produced most of his duties and responsibilities. The moment, when after receiving all these gifts from his home, he learns to give his whole self to it, is the time when he can claim the privilege of murmuring the sweet word which inspired in your Alighieri such deep emotions — the sacred words, "My country." A good citizen is a man who develops all his individual energies, his physical powers, his intellectual, moral faculties, and who in this constant effort neither feels that he is working alone nor is foolish enough to wish to work by and for himself.

We appear to be very far away now from St. Francis; really we are very near him, for all of these things were the inspirations of his life. You know with what jealousy he advised his disciples not to take anything for themselves; although they were called mendicants and they deserved the name, and from that time on they have never ceased to deserve it. But accord-

ing to the purpose of St. Francis, the Brother Minors were not a mendicant order, they were an order of workers.

It can be said that in him and through him the Church tried to eliminate gradually the old pagan notion of property. The plan did not succeed, the effort soon came to an end. But those who believe that a great society can only advance by slow degrees, that even before marking out its path, it has to make experiments, draw plans, put down stakes, will see how Franciscan preaching was a sort of rough mapping out of a new world and the preface to a new civilization which has not even yet come into being. While we are waiting for it to come, let us be careful not to put on one side all the stories in the life of the Poverello, which seem to us like the improvisations of fancy; like the one, I mean, where we are told how he went on the roof of a house built for his brethren and obliged them all to come up with him, and throw down the tiles and demolish the walls. This act, and all others where he shows a real horror of property — we see him for example rushing away from a cell because he heard it called *his* cell — these are not extravaganzas of conduct, they are all actions in perfect harmony with the general thought which inspired them.

When we read legends like these, we seem to be confronted with eccentricities, but they are really the most natural, the most coherent manifestations of an idea which is being turned into a reality. The study of the life of the great saint must be gone over again completely from this point of view. It will be found then that far from diminishing his personality, this historical investigation will exalt it. It will show in him a man who by the exercise of strenuous simplicity, grasped some of the ideas which we ought to get hold of now ourselves, if we want to answer some of the difficulties which are becoming more pressing day by day. Let us hope that some historian will be found endowed with enough philosophical and sociological ability to study calmly and independently the attitude towards property in St. Francis. He would perform an inestimable service to our time, showing how there arose in a strictly Christian soil, ideas which even modern Christians to-day do not yet recognize.

The exaltation of the Poverello would have a much stronger, much more significant, more efficacious effect upon us, if we could come into close quarters with his Catholicism, if we could come to realize it directly, at the point where it becomes a communion, where this communion would instinctively lead us to follow him as we recognize in him a master of our thought and of our life.

What I have just said is enough, I hope, to show you that in the mind of St. Francis the question of orthodoxy did not appear as a debatable point. Sometimes he was requested to make a profession of faith. It can be said without casting reflections on any one, that these ecclesiastical exhibitions are somewhat disagreeable. It is always unpleasant to have to exhibit one's passports. On his own part, St. Francis would never have thought of proclaiming his loyalty. For him it was something so deep, so natural, that to suspect that it could be questioned would have been impossible for him.

The Church was his spiritual home. He was thoroughly conscious that each stage in his own spiritual life had been marked by its impress. He had the feeling of progress, but he had also the feeling that the Church was awaiting him at each turn of the road to give him the will, the force, and also the programme for the new part of his journey. More than anyone he felt himself the son of a long-enduring education; but he was a son and not a slave. The Church was active, he was active too; his own activity peculiar to himself, was, in a way, the result of his noble energy. At every incident in his life we see him searching, struggling, suffering, waiting, watching, praying; but all of these words indicate types of effort closely related in a mutual harmony. He felt that the life of the past had to be found again in each one of us; had to be revived, in a way, in each one of us; and by this process to renew its vitality. Hence it comes that his Catholicism has a double character which seems to us paradoxical; on the contrary, it is the very condition of life. He was absolutely obedient, and yet he was perfectly free.

If we isolate either of these two factors we are untrue to the historic character of St. Francis. Those who tell us St.

Francis was obedient, are right; provided they recognize the character of his obedience; provided they show us how his obedience was not the passive abdication of his will. Those who tell us that St. Francis spoke frankly, that his actions and his will are plain, are right. His testament is one of the most thoroughly individualistic documents in the history of the Church. It is a protest in advance against all the hypocritical methods by which they wished to transform his character. It is the painful and indignant cry of a dying saint, who foresees those who will gloss his words, who anticipated the whole sickening race of counterfeits concealed in the dark; men preparing to seize his name and secure through it for themselves a glorious renown, and are yet ready to sacrifice at the same time all that the name implies. Those who use this language are also right. When he was most troubled in spirit, he wrote, "After the Lord gave me the brethren, no one showed to me what I ought to do, but the Master Himself revealed to me that I should live according to the rule of the Holy Gospels.

Nothing is truer. And yet those who rely expressly on such pages and on others like them in the works of the saint, and set him up as a precursor of Protestantism, would make a great mistake. I know I have been reproached with this method myself. If I deserve the reproach, I regret it, and I shall try to repair my fault. Let us hope that the frankness with which I say *mea culpa*, will lead my estimable opponents to show the same good will. Let them stop thinking that they are greatly honoring St. Francis by representing him as a sort of passive instrument in the hands of the ecclesiastical hierarchy.

The famous Innocent III was certainly no ordinary pontiff. Often his nights were troubled by terrible visions. It appeared to him that the Venerable Basilica of the Lateran, the head mother of all the Churches in the world, the symbol of the ecclesiastical establishment, was shaken to its foundations by terrible convulsions and threatened to fall in ruins. Do you think that then he repeated to himself that he was sole chief, the one Master? Do you think that because he believed that he had the plenitude of authority he also believed he ought to have the whole initiative, all the required enlightenment? Not a bit

of it. Innocent III never thought of meeting the threatening disaster through the administration of the Church. He saw a poor man before him in rags, without authority, without title, without mission; and after some hesitation, he understood that from this source, from this man who was not even a priest, would come the salvation of the Church.

The interviews of Francis of Assisi and of Innocent III, just as Giotto sketched them, will remain forever a living symbol of the way in which at the time of this great pontiff, the mission of ecclesiastical authority was understood. The voice which was heard in this little Umbrian village, may have been miserably weak and without prestige; it might have lacked all theological science; yet it was not stifled. It was not answered either by shrugs of the shoulders, nor by smiles of pity, nor by violent measures. It was listened to. There was delay, there was some hesitation; its truth was put to the test.

Go to Assisi and look at Giotto's frescoes; study the people about the Pope; look at their eyes, the expression of their lips which seem to say, "Why are you stopping, Most Holy Father, to listen to this importunate individual? What can he possibly know that we do not know? Show him the door. Have him shut up for fear that the weak may be seduced by his words. Listening to him will be an avowal on your part that you are less intelligent than he; we should all be done for, we who pass our life in protecting the Holy See. It will be the cruellest insult to us. Is it possible that you prefer to our views based on those of the Fathers, the extravaganzas of this chance prophet, this *ignoramus*, mad with pride? Be cautious of such novelties."

As a matter of fact, Innocent III did not listen to the majority of the Sacred College. On the contrary he gave heed to the words of this low and despised man. The documents say, "*vilis et despectus*," a man born in the Umbrian mountains. Undoubtedly, this act of humility performed by official authority, to another authority which did not contradict it, but occupied a far higher plane, the authority of holiness; this act, I repeat, is the one for which the Church should be most thankful to Innocent. Novelties, certainly there are novelties, many of them,

in the ideas of St. Francis, novelties so absolutely new that if they were repeated to-day, not like formulas learned by heart and deprived of their real sense through too frequent use, even to-day they would appear to many like dangerous dreams.

Forgetting myself, I have been talking to you more of Innocent III than of his humble adviser. Perhaps this is not a mistake, for after all the attitude of the saint depends partly on that of authority. If authority had kept its gates jealously closed or had only opened them to mute visitors coming to prostrate themselves and to listen in that attitude to the voice of an oracle, it is hard to see what would have been the use of the life of the Apostle of Poverty.

There are degress in absolutism. Innocent III who was one of those who built up the theory of pontifical absolutism, did not believe that his plenitude of power should prevent him from listening.

In the age of Francis of Assisi, religious activity was thought of as a combination of forces, an association of wills, an effort of solidarity. In that age, they used to picture the Church under the form of a mystic bark with a pilot and officers, but each adult passenger in it had an oar and a certain responsibility. Each had not only the right but the duty of warning the rest of the ship's company if he saw danger on the horizon.

To-day all this has been changed for us; and the very remembrance of the *Navicella di San Pietro* tends to disappear. Last year it was possible to purchase at Paris tickets for Paradise. On them the Church was symbolized under the form of a railway train. To reach one's destination it was only necessary to get on the train and select one's class. The moment one was in the train, the destination could be reached without effort, without coöperation, just as a matter of necessity. We have here reduced to its simplest terms the conception of the Christian life, that is in absolute contradiction to that of Francis of Assisi. He believed in submission to the Church as I have just said. But his submission was active. It was more adhesion than submission, the adhesion of a son whose heart knows in advance that his father is right, who never contemplates obeying without understanding, and the last thing that would

occur to him would be to think of obedience in the dark as normal. He obeys, but he does not think that he is insulting his father if he acquaints him with his needs. Perhaps they are only some simple wants. He does not think that he is ungrateful if now and then he gives him solemn warning.

This foretold fact of perfect submission and of perfect liberty which to narrow minds seems so illogical, always appeals as a characteristic of the Poverello. If we understand this, we understand Francis of Assisi and the movement that comes from him. If we do not understand it, we not only do not understand Francis of Assisi, but also we do not understand the most original truth in the life of the Church.

The double action of the individual who gives up nothing, but who is never satisfied until the time when he can merge his personal work in the collective work of a social authority which accepts — but only after examination and test — the contribution made by the individual; this double effort, I repeat, is shown with especial clearness in the history of the journey of St. Francis to Rome to obtain approbation for his undertaking. "The Blessed Francis" — I am translating literally the narrative of the three companions — "the blessed Francis, seeing that God was increasing each day the number and worth of his brethren, and that they were twelve in number, all in full and deep agreement, said to the eleven, he the twelfth, their head and their father, 'I see, my brothers, that in His mercy, the good Lord wishes to increase our society. Let us, then, go to our good mother, the Church at Rome, and let us tell the sovereign pontiff the things which the Lord has already done through us. So that we can continue in virtue of His will and His orders what we have begun.' "

Is it not clear that here we have the spirit of the most perfect submission?

Turn over a few pages and you will find the spirit of the most intense liberty. Francis when at Rome had various experiences. Cardinal John of St. Paul, presented him to the Pope and the Pope blessed him. But it is plain that the blessing was given more to the individual than to his ideas; more to his intentions than to his programme. The pontiff was uncertain,

the rule seemed to him chimerical. He let the Poverello go, he wanted to wait for some new light before making up his mind.

Now what was Francis to do? Was he going to leave Rome and give up his idea? He wrestled in prayer, he sought for a solution, he went back to the Vatican prepared to speak with authority to him who was indeed the incarnation of all authority.

"Once upon a time," he said, "there was in the desert a poor and beautiful woman. A great king saw her and was smitten with her beauty. Thinking that she would be the mother of beautiful children, he wished to marry her. The marriage took place. Many children were born. When they grew up, the mother said to them, 'My children, do not be ashamed. For you are the sons of the king. Go to his court and he will give you all you need.'

"When they arrived at the king's palace, he wondered at their beauty, and seeing they were like him, he said, 'Whose children are ye?' They answered, that they were the children of the woman who lived in the desert; and the king embraced them with great joy saying: 'Have no fear, for you are my sons. If bastards are brought up at my table, all the more reason should you be, you who are my legitimate children.'

"My Holy Father," added St. Francis, "I am the poor woman whom the Lord loved, whom in His mercy he found beautiful, and through whom it was pleasing to him that legitimate children should be born. The King of Kings has told me that he will provide for all the children which I shall give him, for if he provides for bastards, certainly he must keep his legitimate children."

The translation which you have just heard, gentlemen, is quite literal. I should not have dared to place it before you in anything but its naïve simplicity. All the details of the parable may not be clear. But what is quite clear is that it can not be considered exactly a panegyric on those who surrounded Innocent III. Was I wrong in speaking of the liberty of St. Francis and in saying that he had a notion of obedience to the Church considerably different from that which many Catholics

have to-day? In this consists his own originality and the originality of all his real disciples.

Santa Clara never forgot that she was only a woman without authority in the Church. But she also never hesitated, woman as she was, to speak to the different popes who occupied the throne of Infallibility in succession with the same liberty as St. Francis. But you know, I hope, that scene, one of the finest pages in the woman's history — perhaps too fine and too great to have tempted painters and poets — where we behold Gregory IX coming with his court to visit the humble recluse of St. Damian to persuade her that it was her duty to accept a less severe rule than that of the Franciscans. We read how the humble woman kneeling before him who holds the "exalted keys," had the courage to say to him, "Absolve me from my sins, most holy father, but I have no desire to be dispensed from following Christ."

The gate of the convent closed. There was again silence around St. Damian's. The cool of the evening came down on Subasio as it did on other days. It softly encircled the olive trees and the cypresses. All was enveloped in it. But Santa Clara did not forget. She had resisted the affectionate thoughtfulness of the Pope. She felt that he had not been the victor.

Her rule, the rule given her by St. Francis was there. Authority admired it but did not approve of it. From that time the desire of obtaining for her rule a complete and definite confirmation became the great purpose of her life. We do not know her various steps; the details of her efforts. Ten years, twenty years passed by. From the retirement of her convent this woman follower of St. Francis, corresponded with anyone in the whole world who wished to follow the way of evangelical poverty. And she encouraged views which were anything but favored by official persons. Gregory IX died. Innocent IV succeeded him. He was no more disposed than his predecessors to approve the rule observed at St. Damian. He came to Assisi and he also visited Santa Clara. What took place? As to this we know nothing. We only know the result was that on the 9th of August, 1253, the rule was finally approved and that two days afterwards Santa Clara breathed her last.

She had accomplished her work. She died victorious, not victorious against any particular person, against Gregory IX, or Innocent IV or against authority; but victorious through them and through it.

And in this case also, you will find there two elements which make the Catholicism of Francis so original. Submission and liberty, liberty and submission. We are here very far removed certainly from the notion that the best way we can show reverence to authority is to turn our intelligence into a vacuum, to make our hearts empty so that what authority likes to pour in can be received.

Again I say it would be absurd to make St. Francis of Assisi a rebel or an unconscious Protestant. But it would be just as absurd to present him as a mere passive echo of authority, or as a man who had surrendered his own conscience. Often there comes out in his writings the idea that authority can make mistakes and that it ought to be withstood. But at the same time he adds, that even when obedience is refused, authority must not be forgotten nor cast aside.

People will say these are contradictions. Perhaps they are logical contradictions; but they are not serious and real contradictions, not contradictions in history, which, as it has been called, is God's logic. There are just the same contradictions which are found in family life, in national life, when quite naturally without thinking we allow authority to influence us, without however, giving up the practice of advising, correcting and transforming it.

This was the spirit in which the great contemporary Catholic, Newman, wrote in 1874.— Please note the date: "Conscience is in us," he says, "the aboriginal vicar of Christ, prophetic in its information, a monarch in its decrees, a priest in its benedictions and its anathemas. And if the eternal priesthood were ever to cease in the whole church, there would remain in conscience a sacerdotal principle and it will preserve its sway."

It is often said that legend is truer than history. And this statement is exact, provided we recognize that legend gives us bad information on subjects which it claims to tell. But it gives good information about the people who make the state-

ments. One of the most popular legends of the Middle Ages was that St. Francis was standing in his tomb, alive and ready to come out and take up his preaching and teaching. On the 12th of December, the pickaxe — not of criticism but the mason's — destroyed the old tradition. The Poverello was found there reduced to a skeleton; and yet the graceful legend is true. Francis of Assisi is not dead, for his work is not yet over. Somewhere or other he is concealed, perhaps very near us, and he is waiting to come out of his tomb and to commence his preaching again, that the times may be fulfilled. Gentlemen, they will be fulfilled of themselves, but perhaps it will be better to help in the task of fulfillment. The sturdy laborer who gets up before sunrise knows very well that he does not cause the sun to rise a moment sooner, but at least by doing so he will be ready to plow his furrow the moment the first rays are visible in the horizon.

If the sunrise finds us at work we shall understand the real secret of Francis of Assisi's genius, which will return, perhaps, quicker than we think, and reconcile submission and liberty, science and fate, and man, not only with his God, but with all creation. To him we owe that mysterious phrase which I hesitate to translate to you. For the translation would probably be feeble and perhaps altogether bad:

Sancta obedientia facit hominem subditum omnibus hominibus hujus mundi et non tantum hominibus, sed etiam bestiis et feris ut possint facere de eo quidquid voluerunt; quantum fuerit eis datum desuper a Domino.

Translated by W. LLOYD BEVAN.

New York.

THE POETRY OF MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Mr. Stephen Phillips is a poet as typically English as Tennyson. You will not find, of course, the English countryside in his poems as you find it in Tennyson's, nor much of his country's myth or history; but you will find, though expressed in terms of a nature more vehement, a moral and intellectual outlook that represents the Puritan townsman as certainly as Tennyson's represents the Anglican country clergyman in whom the Puritan is still uppermost.

Puritanism, in one phase or another, is in all the line from which Mr. Phillips descends. Spenser, whom "the perilous rich world" lured as it lures Mr. Phillips, destroyed the "bowers of bliss" with a savagery as holy as was General Monk's in ruining the rich beauty of abbeys. Milton is to all the world the typical Puritan poet. Gray, too, had the Puritan restraint; and Wordsworth, passionate though he was, smothered the fire that was in him as though it was of Hell, and became the surest bringer of peace to a restless age. Tennyson, in youth falling into waking trance, like that of certain Roundhead clergy, and life-through brooding and moody as so many of them were, was recognized by Carlyle as a fellow Puritan as much for his personal qualities as by the Puritan spirit in his poetry; and Arnold and Mr. William Watson, though our day of doubt brought them to question the Puritan faith, remain faithful to the Puritan point of view to which they were born.

Mr. Phillips, to judge from his writings, still holds to the Puritan faith in a God who will permit His followers to "rise only through pain into His paradise." He is Puritan, too, in his preoccupation with the world to come, and Miltonic, if not Puritan, in his great concern with the pomps of this world; which, Puritan-like, he finds ephemeral things, almost unreal in their brevity, but all too dear to the hearts of men. It was perhaps from the Greek in him that Milton derived his intense interest in the shows of life. There was in him, we all accept, that blending of Hebraism and Hellenism that Matthew Arnold pointed out. That blending there has always been in differing

proportions of one and the other, in all Englishmen of the old University training. I have often wondered why it was that an English classical education seems always to aid and abet Puritanism. The English poets without University training are certainly less Puritan. There is in many such nothing Puritan at all — witness Keats and Browning and Henley and Mr. Yeats. I sometimes think that by bringing home to the student the sense of how vivid and bright and beloved was life to the Greeks, a knowledge of the Greek classics makes more terrible the contrast between happiness here and eternal damnation hereafter. And if it be objected that Mr. Phillips's short stay at Cambridge precludes his being much of a Grecian, I can only refer to how many of his poems are concerned with Greek myth and how many qualities of his style show classical influence.

It is the preoccupation of Mr. Phillips with the world beyond the grave that reveals most clearly his Puritanism. This is no new interest of his come to him, as it must come to all of us with advancing years, but one that has been with him since boyhood; two of his four poems in "*Primavera*" (Oxford 1890), published when he was twenty-two, are filled with wonder of the afterworld. "*Christ in Hades*," which in 1896 brought him his recognition, is a vision into the future from a Greek standpoint; and in "*Faust*," his last work, the curtain falls on a world halfway to heaven. "*Herod*" alone of the plays opens up no vistas into the hereafter. In "*Paolo and Francesca*," the lovers, forefeeling their doom, contemplate centuries of torture together in Hell; in "*Ulysses*" the hero descends into Hell; in "*The Sin of David*" and in "*Nero*," spirits of the slain return to wreak vengeance on their still living assassins; and even Iole, in her first bloom and wildly eager for life and love, finds sweetness in the call of death.

Of fifty poems of Mr. Phillips, the total body of his non-dramatic verse, seventeen are either of the world of spirits or have to do with the return of the dead to this world, or are contemplations of death. Sometimes in these poems the reference to death seems, at first reading, vague, but once you realize that Mr. Phillips's attitude is somewhat that of the Swedenborgian, who feels that the dead are always present, his meaning will

become clear enough. And if you keep this belief of his in mind it clears up certain passages in other classes of his poems. When offhand, you think of his poems other than those inspired by death, you think first of those on Greek myth and then of those on modern city life, and then perhaps of those that reveal his faith — his religious poems, if you may so call them. This last-named group are essentially nearly allied to the poems that have to do with his dream of the world beyond death — his spiritualistic poems, I would call them, if that word had not so technical a meaning in America; but you will as surely find his all-important topic in these other two groups. Death in life is the subject of "The Woman with the Dead Soul," the poem which, by its position at the forefront of the "Poems" of 1897, Mr. Phillips evidently then considered the most important of all in the volume. In one of his four long poems of classic story, "Marpessa," the girl beloved by Appollo rejects the immortality proffered by the god largely because of her curiosity as to life after death. It is no exaggeration to say that fully half of the poetry of Mr. Phillips is inspired by thoughts of death.

Some day or other we may, have these poems on death arranged by Mr. Phillips each in its place in a sequence. In the now defunct *Literature* (February 26th, 1898), there appeared this apparently inspired statement: "Looking to the future, Mr. Phillips has in view a long poem intended to give a spiritual setting to his London or modern stories. The completion of this design is likely to take many years; the modern stories will be continued separately, and eventually woven with a spiritual setting into a complete poem. The main idea, uniting the whole work, is found in the return of a dead woman to the earth, where it is her punishment to follow and watch all kinds of suffering and heroism, and thus learn the lesson she never learnt when alive — of love and sympathy. The poem will close with a note of hope." A year later Mr. Phillips contributed to the *Dome* (London, February, 1899), under the title "A Field for Modern Verse," an article that induces one to accept as trustworthy the declaration of *Literature*, and that reveals what is his conception of futurity: "The general picture of a world beyond the

grave, would seem at first sight to be not far removed from the scheme of Dante. In communications made through trance, or by the governed hand, we are again permitted to view realms of darkness, of ice, of twilight, of glory. But there is this essential and transcendent difference between the mediæval and the modern conception—that whereas Dante imagined a definite place of darkness, of fire, or beauty, to which the soul repaired, we are now shown that the soul creates its own atmosphere, environment and scenery. The grandeur and truth of this idea is at once apparent; for where a soul is living in night, he is residing in a darkness emitted from himself, his only proper and possible atmosphere; or where a spirit is starving 'in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,' we are now given to see that his wintry selfishness has naturally frozen a world about him, in which he inevitably exists. Amid dazzling bergs and brilliant snows repines the self-wrapped king or statesman, for his intellect has reduced the world to a December bareness. So is the lecher or the drunkard the author of his own night; the murderer or the fanatic the kindler of his own flame. Can any bound be set to the influence of mind over what we call matter? Here, at least, is a conception capable of infinite variety of treatment, with all the fascination of scientific truth. We are even shown whole cities built again on the void, house by house, room by room, by the furious act of the inhabitants, who after death transported into space the 'scenery of their sins.' Another fixed characteristic of the picture presented to us is the continuity of existence; that the madman is no less mad from the fact that he has died, but raves on there as here; that the adulterer still sighs; that the drunkard haunts the familiar tavern, and, incapable of physical gratification, seeks a borrowed delight in urging to excess those who are still in the body. Death there is no sudden change, but the spirit divested of the corruptible is, in the most tremendous sense, himself at last. Behind and above all these phenomena is the central idea of evolution, a process inevitable in every case, full of pain and difficulty, which may be delayed by the individual for centuries of time. In a grander and nobler sense are interpreted the words of Virgil:

*'Facilis descensus Averno,
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.'*

"The darker side of the conception has been mainly glanced at, for the reason that this is nearer to us, and grips the imagination more swiftly; but, applying the law of evolution to this new Hell and Purgatory, it will be seen that the possibilities of bliss exceed all that we can conjecture. We watch the human spirit by his own will emerging from a self-created night to a self-created Elysium; the surroundings and atmosphere of his soul continually changing and corresponding to the soul itself, and so an eternal progress upward from beauty to beauty, splendor to splendor, bliss to bliss. To those who object that such a meditation as is here hinted at has no present interest, and brings no newer gleam into the life we are now leading, I would reply that such a conception illumines this present existence to a degree hitherto unconceived. For just as astronomy has taught us that our star, so far from being the centre of creation, is but a drop of light in an abyss, so this spiritual knowledge reminds us that this life is but a passing phase in an uninterrupted and everlasting existence. Here at least, tentatively stated, is a subject for poetic art, both novel and profoundly significant."

There were naturally several poets who at once pointed out that Mr. Phillips's "new field" was in no sense virgin soil but already well tilled, not only by poets of old time but by poets the contemporaries of Mr. Phillips. It showed that he must either not have read Mr. George W. Russell ("A. E.") at all, or misread him. What newness there is in the conception of Mr. Phillips is in its singularly definite character, his imagining the hereafter is so like our own world. Mr. Phillips is as earthy in this dream of his as in all his writing, and for this very earthiness his sequence when accomplished may make the greater appeal. Yet I feel that however interesting as prophecy or speculation the spiritual poems of such a sequence may be, they cannot come so closely home as those that deal with the common human passions in their course this side the grave. "Cities of Hell," one that will surely be included in the sequence,

leaves me cold, unagitated; but I never read "The Wife," which, as a study of modern London life, will also find place here, without response, physical as well as mental, to its anguish. After all, to most modern men what life after death may be is unimaginable, and I cannot see how he can move so profoundly with his guesses at futurity as in those poems of his that up to this time we have called elegiac. An elegiac poet of power he most certainly is, with a bitter sense of the quick-fading bloom of youth, of the brevity of all good things, of the menace of the grave, and when he writes of these things he grips our attention. "Christ in Hades" makes its effect, aside from that won by the new music of its verse, by the pathos of its dead, who so long for the sweet little things of life, and who in the darkness are so eager for the sun. The cry of the poem that rings always in your ears is "How good it is to live even at the worst." The indifference to life of the woman in "The Woman with the Dead Soul" is what constitutes its horror.

Mr. Phillips feels to the full what the Puritan calls the "carnal things." He has felt the "sweetness of the world edged like a sword;" he loves "to smell Earth in the rain;" he would know "the bright glory of after-battle wine;" he is sympathetic to those who fall victims to "the baited sweetness and the honeyed wrong;" — for all his interest in spiritual things he is a poet of the weakness of the flesh. It is his plays rather than his lyrics that force home this conviction. Few of the lyrics, in fact, are lyrics of passion; "By the Sea" almost alone having this note dominant, and here passion does not excite, but quiets. There are other love poems among the lyrics, but they are of love for "a girl that's dead." This infrequency of passion in the lyrics seems strange when the many passages in the plays that are love-lyrics are recalled, and all the more strange when passion is realized to be the very basis of most of the plays. Passion breaking all restraint, even that of brotherly honor, is the keynote of "Paolo and Francesca;" baffled passion that results in madness the theme of "Herod;" and again in "The Sin of David" passion overthrows honor, a soldier's honor as a soldier. In "Faust" passion is vulgarized, I hope not by Mr. Phillips, but it is hardly fair to impute the vulgarization to his

collaborator, Mr. Comyns Carr; for sometimes in the plays exclusively Mr. Phillips's, where there is not, in the character speaking, the intensity of a great nature to uplift passion, Mr. Phillips is downright brutal in his way of putting matters of this kind—for instance, in the soldier's scene in "Paolo and Francesca." There is less passion in "Nero" and "Ulysses" than in the other plays, although Mr. Phillips reaches his utmost voluptuousness in the latter play, in the parting from Calypso; and although the wanton in Agrippina breaks out at times.

There is weakness as well as strength in Mr. Phillips's handling of love, something over-saccharine as well as something supremely noble. His lovers' dialogue always bring to mind the duets of tenor and soprano in Gounod's love-music. This association forced itself on me long before I read of his working on the Faust story, in his version of which, rather curiously, there is less of the operatic note than in his earlier plays. It may be that the possibilities the plays suggest of ornate staging; and their situations that seem to be suited to ballets have something to do with this association; but whatever the cause, there has always been to me, even in his best plays, some suggestion of the libretto. This, of course, is not in any way due to the lines, except in so far as their quality inevitably suggests a tenor voice pleading love. Oftentimes such lines ring out with exalted feeling, as in that passage in "Ulysses," in which love and the call of home combine in irresistible beauty and power:

Ah, God! that I might see,
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,
Yon lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,
The screaming gull and the wild flying cloud:
To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,
To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,
To spring alive upon her precipices,
And hurl the singing spear into the air;
To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,
And plunge into the midnight of her pines;
To look into the eyes of her who bore me,
And clasp his knees who 'gat me in his joy:
Prove if my son be like my dreams of him.
We two have played and tossed each other words;
Goddess and mortal we have met and kissed.
Now am I mad for silence and for tears,

For the earthly voice that breaks at earthly ills,
The mortal hands that make and smooth the bed.
I am an-hungered for that human heart,
That bosom a sweet hive of memories—
There, there to lay my head before I die,
There, there to be, there only, there at last.

Here what Mr. Meredith names "the strong human call" is heard, and it is again and again in all his poems inspired by children. Lucrezia's longing for the child that never came is the most memorable soliloquy of his plays; the death of the child of Lisle and Miriam in "The Sin of David" is almost intolerable in its pathos; and even the subdued feeling of "A Gleam," a poem profoundly true in every detail in its joy in the living child and its pained recollection of the dead, comes home with all the force of a personal experience to any father and mother.

"Marpessa," poem on Greek myth, as it is externally, is of our own world in its feeling, a beautiful statement of what sweet earthly things man and woman can enjoy together from youth until old age. "Endymion," with more Greek feeling in it, has, too, a sweet earthliness about many of its passages, notably about that in which Selene laments her separation from Endymion:

I had so yearned for joy; and to be loved
A little, if only such a simple love
As hath a gleaner's wife in evening hour—
Kind hands, a still and sweet anxiety,
Brave, prudent talk about the coming day.

In "Orestes," too, the story is humanized and the son's murder of his mother realized dramatically. In the narrative episodes of English legend and history, "Lancelot and Guinevere" and "The Quest of Edith," Mr. Phillips makes us feel and see the situation. "The Quest of Edith" is one of his very best poems, executed in a manner worthy the high subject it imagines. It has "the grand style" and "large accent." Too often his narrative poems are weak dramatically in just the fashion in which his plays are weak dramatically—that is in that he makes his characters speak from a standpoint they never would have taken. Endymion's address to Selene beginning "O mystic Brilliance"

is as unlikely to the simple shepherd as Francesca's first words to Giovanni. Endymion could not have thought out such a declaration as "To be alive I deemed a lavish gift," and Francesca could not have realized that in her days up to this time she had but "as through glass" viewed "the windy world."

Where Mr. Phillips is strong in these plays is in the situations, which are imagined not only with a sure knowledge of stage effect but really finely. Reading "The Quest of Edith" you can see that field of Hastings with its "lifeless armies under cloudy moon," as you can see "the tall dead drooping around Christ" — "like to trees motionless in an ecstasy of rain," in "Christ in Hades;" and you can see the memorable situations in all of the plays — Giovanni halting at the curtains, bloody-handed; Herod, in rags and alone, tranced by Mariamne's body in the hall that had known all his pomp and power; Ulysses drawing on the men that through years had insulted his wife, the bow that none but he could draw; Sir Herbert Lisle's careless death sentence of the soldier for a crime so like the one we feel that he must soon commit; Nero's exultant madness as he sees in burning Rome an expiation for his murder of his mother.

Outside of these topics of the world beyond the grave and of the pomps and passions of life this side the grave, Mr. Phillips has written a few occasional poems on affairs of national and international importance; a few poems on his own art of poetry; and, as I have said before, some poems that embody his faith. These religious poems seem to me to reveal a closeness of adherence to orthodoxy that is rare among the Protestant-born poets of our day. It may be that in these poems Mr. Phillips is using the old symbols of faith merely as symbols of some personal belief, but I think it more likely that he holds to Church as to State as the national inheritance of a Puritan Anglican. No poem of his can be taken as a credo, but you can learn more of what he holds to from "Grief and God," than from any one poem. His best occasional poem is the second on Dreyfus, "Thy vengeance, God of old, upon the Gaul;" a notable achievement of a nearly allied kind is his elegy on Gladstone, of whom he says,

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
To meanest issues fire of the Most High.

An occasional poem of a different nature is his "Midnight — 31st of December, 1900," a poem of retrospect of what the century just closed had brought and of prophecy of what the century to come will bring. The manner of this poem is a curious combination of Mr. Swinburne and Walt Whitman. It is too much of a catalogue and too labored to be really fine, wide as it is sweep, and it cannot for a moment stand comparison with the great ode of Francis Thompson to the Nineteenth Century.

There is more about poetry in "Nero" than in his several short poems that consider poetry, though much that he says in the play is satiric or half-satiric, descending in one place even to a clumsy witticism at the expense of those who criticized his dramas. In fact every attempt of Mr. Phillips at humor is unfortunate, from the elephantine prologue to "Ulysses" down to the poor passages between the revellers in "Faust." In this respect, too, Mr. Phillips is Puritan. When he speaks seriously of his art, he can speak nobly, as in "A Poet's Prayer." A personal application of this poem to Mr. Phillips is possible, and if he does speak of himself, the poem gathers pathos, in its statement that he feels he is losing his poetical power. I take him to be speaking of himself, not only judging from this poem, but from the lesser powers in his later non-dramatic poetry and the downright fiasco of "Faust". In "A Poet's Prayer" he owns that he holds poetry as a something "more than sight;" that in the joy of creation he has been "rapt in hurry to the stars" and known the "freedom of the skies."

It was as an elegiac poet that Mr. Phillips came before the public in 1896, with "Christ in Hades;" and although it is as a dramatic poet that he has won his wider recognition, and a popularity greater than that of any other living English poet of our day save Mr. Kipling, we must not forget he had appealed before he was known at all as a dramatist. It was by his new treatment of Greek myth, his retelling of old stories dear to all Englishmen of the old University training, that he won a place among the younger poets; by that and by the new music of his

blank verse. His poems disclosed few new thoughts, few new symbols to refresh old thoughts in retelling them, but he spoke with this new music of blank verse of things familiar and beloved. His point of view, like the point of view of Burns and Byron, was about that of the average man; there was no strangeness of thought or word to alienate the plain man who craves plain speech. So he appealed to lovers of literature who were not lovers of poetry. And to lovers of poetry this common viewpoint and directness was, of course, no bar, and his blank verse that lilts like a song a new joy. In his narrative and dramatic verse, both, he is concerned with problems common to all and easily and quickly comprehended by all. Such poetry makes a direct appeal; to use a word he uses again and again, it is "burning" in its putting of the primal emotions, full of the cries of love and hate and lust of power, with that undertone of regret for the passing of all good things that has been from the beginning the burden of poetry. All of us, like Mariamne, are mad to enjoy "The colour and the bloom and the music of life;" all of us, like Laomedon, have cried out "There is no justice in the hollow heaven;" all of us have shrunk with Ulysses at the thought of death that grips the "heart with gradual cold."

That Mr. Phillips cannot write well in any meter save the pentameter, and that he writes best in the unrhymed pentameter, has not lessened his reputation, since he has the secret of how to make blank verse sing as no other English poet has made it sing. Alliteration, assonance, stanzaic structure, and even remote rhyme, have something to do with his verse's charm, at its greatest, as I have said, in the lyrical soliloquies of narratives and plays. The dramatic moment, at which such outpourings leap from their speakers, deepens their appeal, though their essential humanity would, in almost any context, touch to the quick. We have all wavered between duty and desire as does Paolo, or grown almost wild with the weariness of monotony as does Miriam; we have all seen the tragedy of Poppæa, the tragedy of fading bloom, or have heard the lament for youth unenjoyed from such as Faust.

That Mr. Phillips's limitations are many is undeniably true. He has not much originality of imagination; his range of inter-

ests is narrow; and he is very apt to descend to rhetorical declamation when his inspiration drags; but that at his best he writes all but greatly, is just as undeniably true.

If you judge Mr. Phillips as a playwright rather than as a poet, your praise is in danger of running into superlatives. Full of fine lines and fine passages as his plays are, when you consider them as drama only, you will rate them higher than ever for this beautiful poetry. You will not so rate them absolutely, of course, but comparatively. It is as true to say that they are the finest verse-drama in English in a hundred years as it is to say that they do not contain the finest poetry written in English within that time. Other than the plays of Mr. Phillips, only the "Becket" of Tennyson among verse-dramas since Byron's day that may be seriously considered as poetry, has had a really successful run; and even the most rock-ribbed Tennysonians will hardly claim that "Becket" has as much poetry in it as any of Mr. Phillips' plays up to "Faust." There may be plays in verse written in the nineteenth century that are better poetry than the poetry of Mr. Phillips's plays, but if there are such that have been tested on the stage I have in a somewhat careful study of this century's plays not come across them; and if they have not been so tested, I cannot, from my point of view, consider them as drama, but only as a kind of poetry. Mr. Phillips has written plays that are poetry, and that will play, something that Browning strove to do and could not, and Tennyson (save in "Becket"), and Mr. Swinburne. To succeed where these masters have failed is, I submit, to have achieved greatly.

Mr. Phillips has succeeded, I believe, because to real power of dramatic situation and real eloquence of dialogue he adds that without which no dramatist, either in prose or verse, may succeed — knowledge of the stage. This he acquired in his six years (1886-1892) spent as an actor with the Frank Benson Company. Though he still plays now and then — not in his own plays — he never acquired much of a reputation as an actor, but he has learned the stage as has no other English poet of modern times. Browning attempted to learn stage conditions under Macready's tutelage, and he did learn something of them. His second play, "The Blot on the Scutcheon," is more possible of

performance than "Strafford." Tennyson's great success, "Becket," was his third play, but written before even "The Falcon" had been tried on the board. "Becket," when it was produced in 1893, triumphed; but, a one part-play, it triumphed only through Sir Henry Irving's creation of the Cardinal and after virtual adaptation by that master of strange art. Mr. Swinburne's plays, rare as is the poetry of "Atlanta," and stupendous as is the sheer creative force of "Bothwell," are all as distinctly closet drama as the forgotten plays of Sir Henry Taylor and Sir Aubrey de Vere.

To find precedents for Mr. Phillips's success it is necessary to go back to Macready's playwrights, Sheridan Knowles, Talfourd and Bulwer, and to Dr. Marston and Tom Taylor and Wills, who almost alone of English playwrights after Macready's time could attract through verse plays. Taylor, for all his effort, was little better than a hack, and Wills, his real interest in his painting, fell short of poetry; Dr. Marston, the belief of his day to the contrary as to "The Patrician's Daughter" notwithstanding, was more poet in intention than in realization. "Virginius" and "Richelieu" are still alive, but he would be a hardy man who called either Knowles or Bulwer a poet. Talfourd's first play is revived now and again, but more people know of Ion as the first name of gentlemen of three-score, given them by stage-thrilled mothers whose daughters called their daughters Camille.

The decadence of these reputations should make the critic chary of prophecy as to the future of Mr. Phillips's plays. Lamb in a sonnet on "Virginius" speaks of a scene of Knowles as "second only to his [Shakespeare's] in the clean Passes of Pathos;" and Hazlitt in "*All the Year Round*" is only less complimentary. Friendship must account for some of this enthusiasm, but the opinions were expressed over signatures — the critics knew that they would be held responsible for what they said. It must be remembered, too, that "Virginius" and "Ion" and "Richelieu" were finely presented by Macready, that without such presentation they might have had difficulty in winning their way into favor; as, so too, might have had "Paolo and Francesca" without the assistance of Sir George Alexander and Sir Henry

Irving; and "Herod," "Ulysses" and "Nero," without the assistance of Mr. Tree.

It may seem preposterous to the more excited admirers of Mr. Phillips to compare him to these writers; but, admitting that he is a poet and they poetasters — a large admission — comparison may well be made. Knowles, an actor, furnishes the fairest parallel. His plays Macready worked over, as he did those of the laymen, Talfourd and Bulwer; and Mr. Tree has had a part in the scenario of at least one of Mr. Phillips's plays, "Ulysses." It would seem that no successful play can be entirely the work of one man. Knowles had the knack of selecting effective situations, a knack that has been a large element in Mr. Phillips's success. It is, as I have said, in situation, in construction, rather than in characterization, that Mr. Phillips is strongest. He has seldom given his characters personality. The reader knows the type of man to which Giovanni belongs, but he cannot conjure him up in the flesh. So it is with Paolo and Francesca, Herod and Mariamne, Sir Herbert Lisle and Miriam; and this though Mr. Phillips had to build on the public's knowledge from nursery days of most of these characters. Scott, a century ago, realized the danger of making a historical character a hero, generally putting a character of his own invention in the leading role. He knew the reader would know something of the historical man and question liberties taken with him in the story. But starting with a known man has compensating strength. Not only does the writer have the readier sympathy that is always accorded to what is commonly known, but he does not have to describe fully the character, he has only to recall him to the reader. The great artist creates in giving such a character personality.

Paolo and Francesca, even after you have seen them on the stage, do not possess strong individuality. Both Mr. Phillips presents as types, as the fated lovers of old romance. Herod is the tyrant glorying in power and rich dreams, a Tamurlaine-like emperor, and not the only character of Mr. Phillips's plays that shows kinship to Marlowe and the Elizabethan tragedy of blood. Lucrezia, the bitter, barren woman, jealous of Francesca because she will know the mother-love denied to her and wakened

to mother-love for Francesca too late to save the girl she has betrayed, is almost a personality. Personalities, in a way, too, are Nero and Agrippina, decadents both. Ulysses has a good deal of body, but in delineating him Mr. Phillips departs so far from the Ulysses of the Odyssey that the reader or onlooker becomes confused in trying to adjust this new Ulysses with his memory of Homer's hero. Often, too, these type characters are over-emphatic, but that again does not lessen their theatrical impressiveness and adds to the fatness of the parts from the actor's standpoint. Mr. Phillips knows well how to make good parts, and to make but few of them, so the play may be the more easily cast.

Mr. Phillips often makes his characters poetize about their situation rather than speak true dramatic speech, or utter such sentiments as such people so situated would inevitably utter. There is more of this poetizing, much of it in telling lyric poetry, in "Paolo and Francesca" than in any other play. This, together with the dramatic speech that is poetry, makes the first drama the most poetic, if not the most dramatic of them all. There is a good deal of poetizing, and in crucial situations, such as that of the child's death in "The Sin of David," and more poetizing in "Ulysses," and a little of the decorative kind even in "Herod" and "Nero." Its presence in "Ulysses" can be readily accounted for through the influence of the play's source. Even one trained by practice as Mr. Phillips to throw aside everything that is non-essential in play-making, cannot in dramatization cut all the epic qualities out of an epic. When the playwright comes of a family, as does Mr. Phillips, to whom the old culture of Greek and Latin is almost sacred, and is bound by relationship to poets, as is Mr. Phillips to Wordsworth, it is impossible to cut out every decoration or "lyrical interbreathing" that does not make for the furtherance of the action. The ancients did not do so, nor the Elizabethans. Moreover, Mr. Phillips loves lyrical and decorative poetry and knows how effective in itself on the stage is well rendered eloquence of any kind. The temptation and precedents are manifold and Mr. Phillips has succumbed. Your prose playwright in realistic plays has not the same temptation, but even Mr.

Pinero, who was actor before he was playwright, falls into like practice with the impossible brilliancy of filed thought in his repartees.

Though "The Sin of David" is one of his latter plays, Mr. Phillips may have fallen into poetizing here from not having his eye all the time on the stage as he was making the final version of the play. It was to tell the story of Uriah, the Hittite, but the Censor forbade the sacred characters and background. Mr. Phillips changed Uriah and David to Cromwellian commanders. Deprived of the appeal expected through Biblical scenes the play has not been performed. It was announced in London by Mr. Irving and Miss Constance Collier, but it has yet to be played.

"Herod" and "Nero," the two plays that have had long runs, are those in which the blank verse is most consistently speech, but when it gains this advantage it is not always poetry. "Herod" continued to be played for three months after its premier on October 31, 1900, and "Nero" ran with brief interruptions from January 25 to May 19, 1906. The mere mention of the stories in these four plays brings to mind the intense dramatic quality of the theme underlying each. The mutual struggle of the brothers to avoid injuring each other through their love for Francesca, and that poor child's struggle between compelling love and duty; Herod's losing of his wife's love, dearer to him than his own soul, at the moment he has gained the world — the alliance with Rome; Ulysses' years of suffering and final revenge on the suitors; the retribution that comes to the superior officer sending his subordinate, the husband of his beloved, to certain death, that he may win the wife; and the terrible fulfillment of the prophecy that "Nero shall reign, but he shall kill his mother." Picturesque scenes rise before us — arrased rooms in a mediæval castle; Judean towers; "gaunt Ithaca" standing "up out of the surge;" a manorhouse in the fen country of Puritan England; and Rome of the first century.

It was, of course, his experience of the stage that taught him how to choose backgrounds that heighten the effectiveness of the play's action; and it was perhaps his experience in the Shakespearean tragedies that taught him to avoid the inevitable

contrast that use of Shakespearean blank verse would have entailed. By building up a dramatic blank verse on Milton's verse he at once attracts attention by this most obvious difference between his plays and those of the many of his neighbors who continue to write plays in the Elizabethan tradition.

We may quarrel with this or that in the plays of Mr. Phillips, we may think that they do not point the way that others can follow; but we must realize their importance in refuting the oft-repeated declaration that no poetical plays but Shakespeare's will be tolerated on the modern stage. Two of the plays of Mr. Phillips have even been put on tour in America, "Ulysses" and "Paolo and Francesca," the one by Mr. Tyrone Power in 1904 and the other by Mr. Henry Irving in 1906. As both were presented without the elaborate scenic accessories used by Mr. Tree and Sir George Alexander in London, we have had, in one way, a fairer chance to judge of their sheer dramatic qualities than have the English audiences. But, on the other hand, both were so poorly acted, save in a few parts, that their possibilities were far from realized. Mr. Power as Ulysses was able to sustain the part, and Mr. Fuller Mellish *was* Eumæus, but the play dragged woefully. Mr. Irving, with something of his father's authority, carried through a performance of "Paolo and Francesca" that was, save in his and Lucrezia's part, colorless; but even under this handicap, and with the greater one that not one of the actors knew how to read blank verse, the play was beautiful and uplifting, proving its innate power.

If it be said, as it has been said by some, that Mr. Phillips has failed on the stage in America, let it be repeated that we have seen here neither "Herod" nor "Nero," the two plays with which Mr. Tree has made so great successes at His Majesty's Theatre in London. The critics there, while differing much as to the plays' dramatic qualities, were almost one in admitting they were profoundly impressive. It is true, then, in England at least, that Mr. Phillips has succeeded with blank verse plays. Such success is enough of a boon from a man to his generation. Mr. Phillips as poet-playwright has won artistic and commercial success on the boards, and by so doing has heartened our whole generation of poets. It will teach them, too, as well as stimu-

late them; teach them that they must study modern stage conditions if they would succeed in the theatre as it is to-day. If it drives them to become actors, so much the better. There is more than one way, possibly, to bring back literature to the stage. Mr. Yeats would train up an audience to appreciate drama written with the high seriousness of Greek tragedy or the miracle plays, an audience that will still care for absorbing passion, the very basis of drama, but that will care more for poetry beautifully spoken than for acting, and more for acting than for scenery. That is the nobler hope. Meanwhile Mr. Phillips' achievement in charming a public that cares little for poetry, with poetical plays cast in the mould of the successful contemporary melodrama, keeps alive the knowledge that the day is not past for the writing of poetical drama, the greatest of all drama.

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"LE NOUVEAU CYNÉE"

Among important events in the development of international arbitration from a merely idealistic theory into a concrete part of modern civilization, the publication of "*Le Nouveau Cynée*" of Émeric Crucé at Paris in 1623, "*au Palais sur le perron royal*," is a fact of notable importance. The contents of the book is well summarised in its rather long title, "*Le Nouveau Cynée ou Discours d'Estat representant les occasions et moyens d'establir une paix generale, et la liberte du commerce par tout de monde.*" Not only was permission granted by the French Government for the publication of this book at Paris, but further, it was published "*Avec Privilege du Roy.*" This royal privilege of copyright, which was granted on November 26th, 1622, secured to the publisher the sole right of printing the book for the space of six years from the date of the grant. There is a copy of this rare book in the National Library at Paris, which was probably deposited there at the time the book was printed to secure the copyright privilege. Another copy came to the Harvard University Library in 1873 among the books of Charles Sumner. The Harvard copy was bought in a stall on one of the Paris quais, probably by George Sumner and sent by him to the Senator. At the time of its publication the author was unknown. Later, publicists believed that he was named Emory de la Croix. Sumner wrote with his own hand in his copy of Crucé's book: "This very rare book is supposed to be by Emeric de la Croix, born 1590—date of death unknown." Sumner never knew the author's real name, as it was not discovered by Judge Nys, of the Court of Appeals of Brussels, until many years after the Senator's death.

In "*Le Nouveau Cynée*," which was printed two years before Hugo Grotius, the father of the science of the Laws of Nations, gave at Amsterdam to the world his great treatise on "The Laws of Peace and War," Émeric Crucé not only argued in favor of the advantages that would accrue to humanity from a substitution of international peace for the habitual state

of war in which some part of the world was engaged pretty much all the time in his day, but also he proposed, in order to settle the disputes between sovereigns leading to war, the establishment, at some convenient and neutral city, of a permanent Court of International Arbitration. With whom the idea of international arbitration originated — an idea that is expressed by the Jewish prophets Micah and Isaiah in the Old Testament — we shall probably never know. But it is a fact that the all but forgotten Paris publicist, Émeric Crucé, did propose back in the first quarter of the seventeenth century such a Permanent International Court of Arbitration, as the delegates of the Nations who, in answer to the irenikon of the Emperor Nicholas the Second, in 1898, gathered the next year at the Dutch capital, and under the energetic impulse of the United States delegation, set up the Permanent International Court at the Hague. The Paris publicist in "*Le Nouveau Cynée*" urged that all the sovereigns of the world, both princes and republics, of Europe, America, Africa and Asia, should have ambassadors at some neutral city permanently; and that when any dispute arose between any two or more sovereigns, that the ambassadors of the disputants should represent, as advocates, their respective sovereigns, pleading their cause before the ambassadors of the other sovereigns who were not parties to the question at issue, and should render judgment between the parties to the dispute. As to the enforcement of the judgment, Crucé thought that the prestige of such a notable company would carry much weight, and that in any case, if any litigant rebelled against a judgment of this Court, means could be found to compel him to bow to the decree. Thus in this plan for an International Court to judge between the sovereigns of the world, we find sketched out the actual existing Permanent International Tribunal of The Hague.

The plan of arbitration propounded in the "*Nouveau Cynée*," though its author's name was not known till long afterwards, found among savants and thinkers a fruitful soil in which to germinate. In a letter to l'Abbé Castel de Saint-Pierre concerning his "*Paix Perpetuelle*," Leibniz refers to "*Le Nouveau Cynée*:" "When I was very young," Leibniz says, "I knew a

work entitled '*Le Nouveau Cynée*,' whose unknown author counselled sovereigns to rule their states in peace and to submit their differences to an established tribunal; but I do not know how to find this book and I do not remember now any details. It is known that Cineas was a confidant of King Pyrrhus who advised the latter to rest himself at first, as it was his object, as he confessed it, when he had conquered Sicily, Rome and Carthage."

Between the theoretical plan of Émeric Crucé, and the accomplished result of the Emperor's irenikon, there are many points of resemblance. Crucé proposed Venice as the seat of the International Court, because it was conveniently located, and, owing to the natural protection afforded by the sea, a neutral town. To-day, Holland, in whose capital city, the existing International Court has its home, is, owing to its position between many of the great powers of Europe, almost as well protected against foreign domination as was the Venice of Crucé's time. Again, in order to bring an agreement for a general peace, Crucé thought that the French King especially could take the lead in bringing that beneficent and desirable end about. So in the establishment of The Hague Tribunal, it was the present Russian Emperor who made the appeal to the world that set in motion the forces that made that precious possession of humanity an accomplished fact. There are many other points of similarity between Crucé's design and the actual realization, owing to the Russian Emperor's appeal, into an accomplished fact of the Paris publicist's idea.

The development of every science is due to successive discoveries made by many scholars; the later workers making use of the discoveries of their predecessors. And so in the development of international arbitration as an active part of our present every-day civilization, the credit for it cannot be given to any one man. As Émeric Crucé had predecessors who broke the ground for him, so he had many successors who helped to polish his project to secure a nearer approach of international peace. Some of these men, to mention only some of the dead, were William Penn, Castel de Saint-Pierre, Benjamin Franklin, William Ladd, Charles Sumner, Richard Cobden, Thomas

Balch, Francis Lieber, James Lorimer, David Dudley Field, Bancroft Davis, Emile Baron De Laveleye, Ivan de Block, Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Frederick W. Holls. And others who are now at work or others still to be born, will, let us hope, bring about a lessening of armed strife between the Nations, bowing more and more before international justice.

Two and three quarters centuries — the elapsed time between the proposal of Émeric Crucé of a Court of the Nations at Venice, and the setting up of The Hague Tribunal — is long in the period of recorded history. "The mills of the gods grind slowly but exceedingly small." What at the beginning of that period, in 1623, was looked upon as a visionary dream, at its end, in 1899, became a reality. While war has not been done away by international arbitration, the many international cases within a little more than a century that have been so settled, prove that as a possible way of avoiding war, international arbitration has become an accomplished fact. And among the men who have secured that beneficent development of civilization, the name of the Paris publicist, Émeric Crucé, is entitled to a high rank.

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THE SOUTH'S OPPORTUNITY IN EDUCATION: THE PROBLEM OF THE APPLICATION OF STANDARDS

That a great educational awakening exists everywhere in the South is unmistakable. This is evidenced in many ways:

(1) In the work, plans and reports of the several State Superintendents of Education.

(2) In the campaigns for education held in well-nigh every State, the consequent establishment of numerous public high schools, and the strengthening of the entire public school system.

(3) In the generally increased expenditures on State institutions and State education by legislatures.

(4) In the interest aroused in and by the annual meetings of the Conference for Education in the South.

(5) In the gifts to education through the benefactions of Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, the Peabody Board, and others.

(6) In numerous gifts — large and small — by private persons for private as well as for public institutions.

(7) In the promulgation of a system of units of standard by the Carnegie Foundation, and the promises of the extension of the advantages of this Foundation to State institutions.

(8) In the consequent and general publication and raising of standards for entrance.

And (9) we may by no means overlook the existence and quiet but effective work of this Association of Schools and Colleges in the Southern States, now for thirteen years emphasizing the lines of demarcation between school and college.

It is particularly in relation to the last three heads and the application of standards that I wish to address my remarks.

At the outset I ask permission to speak plainly and in entire frankness. I know that you feel that glittering generalities are utterly out of place here, and unworthy of the occasion. It is a concrete actual problem that faces us. We regard ourselves, and ask others to accept us, as educational experts — specialists

called in to diagnose the case of a patient with a disease of very long standing and very evident gravity. I should feel ashamed to talk to you in any other way, having myself no selfish interest to advance, but only wishing the establishment of a scientific educational system — public and private — that may commend itself to intelligent minds whether in our own section or in another, and whether viewed from Europe or from Japan. The best standards for the North are none too good also for the South.

The present educational movement, of which we are a part, has followed two main lines: (1) There has been a public impetus in the nature of wide-spread interest and enthusiasm in things educational; and (2) there has been a private and more personal struggle for efficient standards.

It is wrong to suppose that there is necessarily any lack of sympathy and any contradiction between these two phases of one and the same larger movement. For the greatest efficiency and least waste of energy the close union of the two is eminently desirable in a practicable scheme and sound educational system for the Southern States. There is no inherent contradiction in the universality of interest that may engage every one, and the working out of a system that has for the basis of its distinctions the application of desirable standards. To have any less ideal and practical aim than this last would surely be to deny ourselves the rank of leaders in matters educational. With vast opportunities in our own day we are going to be judged in the future by the right or wrong use we make of them.

The proclamation two years ago of the Carnegie Foundation cleared the atmosphere considerably. It gave a means of appraising educational values the country over. It both measured institutions and forced them to apply the searchlight to these measurements. If institutions were unwittingly deceiving others, at least they could no longer very well deceive themselves — and this was great gain. While the system had hitherto been in use in many places, yet each locality had too far its own particular mode of rating, and this produced confusing results. Here was a common standard readily adopted and easily understood, which commanded attention everywhere. It gave

universality by its very prominence and purpose; consequently everybody became willing to drop his peculiar counting and to estimate in Carnegie units, as all would then understand what was meant. But although the term "Carnegie Units" may be easily adopted, the correct interpretation and application of them are more difficult.

The original limitations of the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation — the exclusion of all institutions having definite relations with either Church or State — at first filled Southern hearts and minds with dismay. For were not virtually all Southern institutions, certainly in their origin, the one or the other? Here again, it was felt, professors in the wealthy institutions of the North and East were getting pensioned, while the poor, hard-worked devils in the South, who had fought all along a discouraging battle, were left to shift for themselves. Mr. Carnegie, perhaps, did not mean it that way, but it was so in effect. Indeed, a professor in a Northern metropolitan institution rather teasingly remarked to me: "We of the East who could best afford to take care of ourselves have merely unloaded on Mr. Carnegie what *we* had been carrying before. You fellows down South are left out in the cold altogether." The partial removal of the bar and the opening of the opportunities to State universities was consequently hailed with delight by friends of education everywhere. True, by a sort of irony of fate there were excluded the two institutions in the Southern States that had been most insistent and consistent about applying standards of entrance, and seemingly the only ones in the South which, in the face of sacrifices, already possessed the requisite fourteen units standard of entrance, when the Carnegie Foundation made its first pronouncement in 1906. But still the men of these two institutions unfeignedly congratulated others that some Southern professors, too, would now gain recognition surely well deserved. And it was hoped that here was provided a ladder by means of which certain hitherto obstructing walls might at last be scaled. In every State the State university was the titular and acknowledged head of the public system of education. The public schools were supposed to look to the State university for guidance and the setting of

proper standards. Now, at last, by reason both of self-interest as well as of right educational theory, the relations of the two could be brought into perfect harmony, the particular line of demarcation between high school and State university could now be made unmistakably plain, and proper standards be rightly pitched and enforced. Surely there would now no longer be any reasonable excuse for a large group of Southern universities not achieving their destiny.

The State universities thus to a very great degree hold the key and command the situation to what will be the future standards of Southern education, and the responsibility upon them is correspondingly great, effectively to apply a generally recognized right theory. I am sincere in believing the opportunity in educational advance in the Southern States exists right here; if properly understood and sincerely and courageously met by those to whom, as the crown of their labors, the opportunity and the obligation have been at length offered. Should opportunism and compromise win the day, and a mere *modus vivendi* be effected, something that looks well on paper — as of immediate and temporary benefit — but offering no genuine reform, then the real battle for a true educational system and for effecting standards is as far removed as ever, and will have to be fought all over again. Then the conferring of the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation — while still going to a body of hard-worked and deserving men — will fail to produce the true moral effects of upholding and supporting the educational standards of our section of the country as we have a right to expect and to exact.

It is the business of the higher education resolutely to lead and not to lag behind, waiting till virtually everything is done for it and circumstances "justify" — such is the expression — this or that step. The university should command the situation, direct and map out the plans that are advisable, and not itself be dictated to.

Educated as I was at both private college and State university, and having taught in both State and private institutions, I feel I have some knowledge and a peculiar right to speak for both sorts of institution. The private schools and academies have largely solved the problem — that is why they exist — be-

cause they have demonstrated that they have and *do* prepare for any desired college in the land. They will always exist, and, I have no doubt, in large numbers, although relatively in proportion to all the schools in the State in an ever increasing minority. State education will develop more and more in an age where the State is being looked to for everything, and is expected to solve every problem and find a nostrum for every ill. It is but another instance of the unconscious trend toward Socialism which we have been witnessing in the utterances and tendencies of the recent political campaign. The problem for the South as a whole, consequently, as for other parts of the Nation, is primarily one of the public schools and an adequate system of public education. This will, almost of necessity, be, as the conduct of the State itself, largely social in its aims and socialistic in its tendencies — more and more devoted in its application to upbuilding the material resources of the State, and hence growingly industrial in its main features. On the other hand, the private institution will be more individualistic, and seek to express the sentiment of an ideal of culture. Individualism and inherent personality can never entirely disappear in however highly developed a social system, and there will always be found the justification for the private school and college despite all State appropriations and magnificent educational funds. These private institutions, in the nature of things, will naturally be more eclectic, addressing special ends and needs. They will thus probably continue to attain more easily a deeper and richer personality — the very thing aimed at — in their special purposes. For these ends they must maintain at all hazards high standards. For right standards and character are the very breath and life and condition of being in developing personality and individualism. Again, on the other side, the very fact of the universality of application of the State's public educational system should be a convincing argument for the closest allegiance to the standards of a programme previously planned and laid down from stage to stage by experts and supervisors. Both types of institution are really "public," each serving the State and the Nation in its best way, and both interested in the best possible school system.

The public schools in our growing towns boast, and rightly boast, that in the theoretical schedule of studies mapped out they are no whit inferior to the schools of other sections of our country. The test for all schools is merely the matter of putting this schedule, after full experience, into successful application with approved results. More and more of the public schools over the South are saying: Examine our courses, suggest any points of deficiency or weakness that may be improved. We wish to prepare for college with the best. If we do not satisfy the full requirements, show us wherein we fail. I am in receipt constantly of such letters from over the country. This mapping out of the approved academy or high school course — a course of four full years of a right character — is going on everywhere over the land; first in the cities and towns, and gradually extending to the country districts. The whole community — parents, pupils, and teachers — all take pride in this work. No one of them wishes to be deceived. If they have a school doing only one-half or three-quarters work, they sincerely wish to be told it, and they ought to be told so. If they finally work up to four-fourths they are proud of getting these credits, and of announcing and proving the fact to the world. Every community takes pride in developing its school to the highest capacity practicable, and is usually — more often than not — willing to go to extraordinary expense in bringing the school, where its children are being trained, to the required point.

Now, it is obviously confusing and hurtful for any university to accept a one-half or three-fourths school at the rate of a four-fourths one — to keep standards down to meet the conditions of this one-half or three-fourths school. It is all the worse fallacy when done in the name of sympathy for the poor boy. It is hurtful to the university itself that does it, but even more harmful to the educational system which is thereby lamed. Particularly it is deadly to the enlightened ambitious hopes of the community where scholarly aspirations are checked and abused by the very ones who should most naturally be its protectors and guides. I freely admit, where that particular community cannot take care of the further education of the boy, some system must be devised to do so. The boy must be given

the opportunity to become suitably prepared somewhere else in that county or that State, but not at the university. He must be given access to a school which does the last half of the four years' work, or the final fourth, and does prepare fully. That is as simple and as little expensive as transferring him, raw or half-baked, to the State university, and with saving instead of blighting consequences. With the present keen interest in matters educational in every State, and in almost every county, I believe that any alert and efficient State Superintendent of Education would be empowered by any legislature to effect such an arrangement at once; if indeed it needs any additional legislation to put such a plan into practice. Only in some rational way like this can we really have an educational system with proper standards. Only in some rational way like this will the backward school be made aware that it does fail just so far and in what way. Only in some rational way like this can any college and technological institute and university do its own real work in a semblance of self-respect with properly prepared pupils.

Now what the high school course ought to be is pretty generally understood, and with practical uniformity agreed to by educators over the country, and need hardly be outlined here. But, perhaps, it will make some of my statements and illustrations clearer if I tell in a word or two what is the practice in my own department. We demand 15 units for entrance, of which 11 are fixed. The 11 points which are compulsory are, Latin, 4; Mathematics, 3; English, 3; History, at least 1. The remaining 4 units may be chosen from Greek, French, German, Spanish, the Sciences, and additional History. For B.C.E. entrance, the 11 fixed points are: Mathematics, 3; English, 3; History, at least 1, just as for B.A. entrance; but in place of Latin 4, it is Languages 4. The remaining 4 points are again then selected from the various subjects. There is no irregular entrance otherwise. Deficiencies or conditions may not be more than 3 units — that is, no student can enter the College of Arts and Sciences with less than 12 units. If he enters with between 12 and 15 units, approved by a committee, he is still deprived of certain dearly sought student privileges like joining

fraternities, etc., until he has made up the deficiencies and comes up to the full quota. This penalizing, we have found, has served as a powerful incentive for inducing students, when possible, to enter fully prepared. Deficiencies in special subjects must be made up and passed off, and cannot be substituted by other points credited. I have had a student offer as many as 16 or 17 units, and yet be partly deficient, say, in Latin, or some one required subject. The small deficiency cannot be offset by the larger surplusage, but the particular deficiency having been first made up, the surplusage may then possibly be credited to account.

In languages it is believed that a single school year's work, if pursued no further, contains too little experience and knowledge to be worth counting; and language work in Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish, is only counted when as much as two full school years at least have been successfully accomplished. This often seemingly deprives a pupil of a point, but from experience I believe it a right theory and interpretation.

For students looking forward to technical institutes, wider courses in science, in drawing and in manual training, have been provided in many of the best public schools. We naturally accept a limited amount of science also for entrance upon literary courses. Preparatory courses in drawing and music, while doubtless of great potential culture value, have as yet been too little developed generally in Southern schools to be deemed at present as the best preparation for entrance upon the literary (B.A.) work, and we do not so count them. Nor are military science and tactics, physical culture and gymnasium work, track and field athletics, literary society work and debate, officially at least, recognized anywhere as counting points for entrance; but these interests are regarded, and I think rightly, despite stout asseverations to the contrary in some quarters, merely as natural expression of a healthful, varied school activity.

The Carnegie Foundation rightly makes no distinction, so far as standards are concerned, between the number of units for entrance to college or university, and to a polytechnic institute. The same amount—a minimum of 14—is demanded from all, although in the case of a school of technology these 14

units would naturally be taken more from subjects correlated to those to be pursued in technological work — mathematics, the branches of science, English, history, the modern languages, drawing, shop and wood work, etc. Why, indeed, should there be any the less standards in mathematics, for example, for entrance upon technological work, that is primarily based upon mathematics, than for entrance upon literary courses? For no reason under the sun, save that the technological institutes don't seriously care to enforce it.

The main question is: In any right educational system, what branches should we expect to have taught in the schools and hence should not be taught at all in colleges, technological institutes, and universities? Now the test for every college and university and technological institute is: Where does the work of the lowest class recognized by the institution actually begin? Does it advance clear-cut on the Entrance Requirement in every case, or are there so-called *review* subjects, or are the school subjects actually taught in college *for the sake of those who are not sufficiently prepared*? Let us take instances. Are Elementary Algebra and Geometry school subjects or university subjects? If properly school subjects, are they also taught in the university? If so, why? While Latin is not prescribed for all degrees, and all the Latin may not be demanded for entrance for courses not demanding Latin in themselves, yet if the high school curriculum has been determined upon for four full years, covering Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, should the university's lowest class begin where this school course leaves off, or should the university virtually repeat the last school year, so as to reduce the school work to three years and lower at the same time the possibilities of its own work? In any system the answer should not be difficult to find.

At the present moment I am dealing with a not unusual case. A young man comes from a school in the lower South offering 17 units. Upon examination I find the course in Latin, true, covers four years, but does not accomplish the amount of work that is expected in a full four year's course. Virgil is lacking; the young man, has therefore, been rated deficient in Latin. He has complained, but the Professor of Latin is convinced that the

Latin course of his school is deficient. I have always decided similar cases in this way, nor can I see the justification for a reversal of opinion.

I received last spring a letter from a mother stating that her son had a certificate from the schools of her city, entitling him to complete entrance in the university of that State, and asking whether I would also accept it. I replied that so far as it covered our conditions of entrance I thought I could do so; so far as it did not, the deficiencies would have to be made up, and I suggested that the summer vacation might profitably be used for this. Upon examining the details I found that Virgil was lacking, and there were thus only three units in Latin instead of four, and solid geometry was missing, another half point—granting that all the rest of the work had been satisfactory. Whatever the number of units besides, with us, as said, these particular subjects are imperatively demanded, and must be satisfactorily passed. Our college does not offer classes in these subjects, but the work of the Freshman class presupposes these courses, and is based upon them. I must, therefore, insist in the matter of standards of a Freshman class, it is not a matter of any 14 or 15 units counted anyway; it is a question of what particular 14 or 15 units are preparatory for definite work to be pursued further in the college years. Anything else were unworthy of the name of educational system.

As an English teacher I may also add that it is unreasonable to suppose that a student has fulfilled the requirements and is prepared in English when he is in arrears on advanced school subjects like mathematics and Latin. Weakness in these, I have found, invariably reveals weakness in the one or two branches the pupil is supposed to have passed. Tell me where the boy is in mathematics and language work, and it is not very difficult to decide where he is apt to be in his English studies, too. This is why, I fancy, professors in scientific courses in universities, not demanding of pupils the full quota of mathematics and preliminary language work, whether Latin or not, find their pupils, while nominally passed, often wretchedly deficient in the foundations of English speech.

The subjects of Greek, modern languages, and the sciences,

are on a somewhat different basis. No one of these is altogether obligatory for entrance — *i. e.*, courses with 14 units can be, and necessarily are, made up without including all of these. If one has had the required Greek, usually he has not had the modern languages; if modern languages, usually he has not had Greek, etc. In these cases it is understood that such students may and do begin in college these other new studies (which they have not previously had, although fully prepared). But there is this proviso — which may not be overlooked — if such course is counted for entrance it cannot also count toward a degree. I give a common illustration: In the same beginning French or German class, a university may have two brothers. With one this French or German is a deficiency, or former failure on which he has been conditioned; and in that case the French or German may not count for his degree until he gets into an advanced class. With his fellow who entered, let us say, on Greek, meeting the requirements fully, this first class in French or German is new or additional work, and so can count toward his degree. I fear many institutions rigidly enforce no such distinction, and the former of the two supposed students, once admitted, argues that he has been in the same class with his fellow, and if he passes he has done just so much work at the university, and is entitled to a point on his degree like his fully-prepared brother. Indeed, I have had a student make that argument and feel that he was unjustly treated, though he had come in deficient in two points, viz., on this one subject, French. Though members of the same class, in one case it was work to supply a deficiency; in the other it was a *bona fide* Freshman point.

If a student is deficient, he must be responsible for the deficiency, otherwise very unequal Bachelor's degrees would be awarded by the institution. And many institutions apparently consent to this, or fail as patently in another way. If the lowest college class is pitched below the full requirements in certain important subjects like Latin, mathematics, and English, a boy entering on the normal full requirements actually gets advanced standing, and practically is admitted to the Sophomore class. And so he really gets his Bachelor's degree on a three-year's

course instead of the ostensible four-year's one. Obviously such a degree is in so far a cheap degree. Based on the 14 or 15 points of right character for entrance, there should still be the four full years' college course for the Bachelor's degree—whether B.A. or B.Sc. But too many institutions have really only three-year courses, judged by manifest standards. An institution, the entrance into whose Freshman class demands only 10 units, is virtually one year behind normal requirements, and one whose entrance is 6 units, practically two years in arrears. I have had more than one of the latter cases to deal with in the case of transfers, and it is always a regrettable and disagreeable duty to make this apparent. I read the other day the statistics of the new students entering a reputable college in Virginia. About fifty per cent had entered the Sophomore class, and the other fifty per cent were admitted as Freshmen. It takes but little educational acumen and experience to know that only about fifty per cent were really prepared for college work, and these instead of being Sophomores should have constituted the Freshman class.

I take one other illustration from a recent personal experience. The summer of 1907 the student of a large Southern university called on me and introduced himself. He was visiting Sewanee, was pleased with it, he said, and was thinking of transferring. He told me that he had graduated from his home school in 1906, completing the required course. He had gone to the university of his State with his school diploma, and had been admitted to the Sophomore class. This work he had just done, and consequently was within two years of his Bachelor's degree at that institution. I told him his school work would be cordially recognized as entrance work, and his past year's work would also be duly credited. But it was clearly work of only Freshman character, and that having completed his one college year he would have still three year's work to complete before he could get the Bachelor's degree. He admitted frankly that he thought this was just and right, thanked me profusely, and returned to his home institution.

It is not hard to determine where the work of a Freshman class should begin. The whole problem lies in rightly discern-

ing and unmistakably applying the dividing line between school work and college work, and standing rigidly by it. The university should say unequivocally to the schools: Yours is the duty of preparing, and of sending only after you have prepared. Your diploma must mean this. To say that the public schools cannot accomplish this is to indict the whole system and its supporters, and declare it a pretense and a sham. It is not to be so indicted; but the system is to be, and can be made a reality. Good schools are furnished by the State in an ever-increasing number, and the State can in its school system prepare for college; if not at one place, then at another. And no college, technological institute, or university in any system fostered and planned by the State, has any place for or should accept any young man until he has so completed a full course in such academy or high school, and is fully prepared; least of all, for the purpose of playing ball, and for other designs than legitimate college work.

The law steps in and determines the length of time and nature of preparation for the practice of medicine. If not the law, certainly an intelligent public opinion with all the force of law expressed in the will of an expert educational board or other authority, should determine who have rightly completed the preparatory course, and who are entitled to apply for admission to technical institute or university. And this will, by force of the same public opinion, if not of law, likewise include the professional departments, Law and Medicine. These two in a right system should already to-day be rigidly demanding at the least the 14 units of the completed academy or high school course, and in a short time it should be even more, as already with better institutions. To have the Law, Medical, Theological, or other departments of an institution the refuge of certain youths who cannot pass the required College Entrance Examinations is little short of scandalous. It has also been an uplifting influence to emphasize the 14 units for eligibility on athletic teams where properly conceived and consistently upheld.

Under any proper system, parents would learn intelligently to look after their son's preparation, as they commonly do where a system prevails, calculating far ahead, even several years, just

when their son may be expected to enter college, and when to graduate, following attentively each stage of the educational process. If they do not now, but disastrously change from school to school in the hope of pushing the lad through sooner and more easily, how far is it because we ourselves — claiming to be educational experts — are not clear and insistent as to what is required, and thus really lend encouragement to, and are primarily responsible for, all sorts of makeshifts and compromises?

I make, therefore, the urgent appeal which I must believe the faculties of our best institutions will of themselves heed. Let the Southern States grasp the opportunities and benefits of the Carnegie Foundation for their State universities, and at the same time make it the happy means of a revolution in the universal application of educational standards.

As already intimated, it is not a matter of *any* 14 units counted somehow or other, even if that should be allowed, but of a particular fourteen of definite scope and positive character. Merely to have nominal standards on paper which are not applied in spirit and in fact, would be meaningless. There is need of a requirement that no institution can accept the Carnegie Foundation terms that is not in a position to enforce them rigidly and make their application vital — else it would but tend to confuse. It is better to state frankly — as some have already done — We are not yet quite ready, and we say we are not. We *can* be in two, in three, in five years, but not this year. The faculties, the students, the public would know just what was enforced, what were the actual standards of entrance, and how much yet remained to be done. With this perfect frankness I sincerely believe that faculties, school men, parents, and citizens would unite to remedy such a condition in any community and State in a minimum amount of time. The trouble usually has been that the true status is often obscured — teachers, pupils, parents are not clear as to drawing the line, and loose conditions prevail. No community, no teacher, no parent, no pupil but is proud in coming up to high standards. The fault lies in the standard enforced. They have neither been properly presented nor insisted on. I have yet to meet the school man who did not wish, despite all discouragements, to

make his school the best possible school, to turn out boys who were capable and fit, and do all that parents and higher authorities expected and insisted upon. The class and profession of teachers with us in the South is still an ambitious and a proud one — thank heaven! But if the universities, as the highest institutions of learning in the educational system, do not show him resolutely the proper aims and standards, and support him in his work, pray who will do so? I make my appeal, consequently, to the State and higher institutions of every character.

I am not directly concerned in applying standards for the Carnegie Foundation and determining who are fit. That is the task of Dr. Pritchett and his intelligent organization. But I have been assured by prospective candidates that you can secure 14 units and get on the Foundation, and yet be a year behind in Latin and Mathematics, and possibly other important branches. Indeed, some one once obligingly offered, pencil in hand, to demonstrate to me mathematically how one could really be a whole school year behind in vital subjects and yet have 14 units on miscellaneous studies. I was not interested in that phase of the subject, and declined to be instructed, yet I hear it reiterated that an institution feels itself justified in claiming membership and still not demanding Virgil for Freshman Latin; in receiving the accompanying honors and lacking geometry in its Freshman class; in being defective in writing and command of English and knowledge of literature, and making up any or all of these deficiencies by physical geography, physiology, carpentering, and what not. I am not shouldering any of the Carnegie Foundation burdens, and I leave these problems entirely to its capable shoulders. But I do plead earnestly as a Southerner who is giving his life to the cause of Southern education and Southern ideals, in the name of the splendid educational opportunity and crying needs of the Southern States, that no institution permit itself such an interpretation of rules, even if it were possible. How can we expect to get the schools to the point of preparing pupils fully and adequately if we permit their higher class work to be offset by a multiplicity of units on various subjects somewhere else, many of which may be of relatively low grade and of doubtful value? Fewer subjects well taught

and developed afford better preparation than odds and ends collected from every corner and pieced together. From such a state of nominal standards inadequately applied, the South would have little to hope for in perfecting an educational system, and the gravest problem facing us would be as far from solution as ever.

I have often had prospective students to whom I was compelled to refuse admittance, say calmly: "Very well, we will go to another university where the same number of units does not hold, and enter the Freshman class there." They refuse to go any longer to school when they can play men and get in college, and they go. I have more than once been told by an applicant I rejected, "I can go to such and such an institution (which is on the Carnegie Foundation) and be admitted." I have never been willing to believe it was so, nor do I. A few weeks ago, this past September, I had an applicant who, upon examination, mustered $10\frac{1}{2}$ units, and who was refused entrance — he being $4\frac{1}{2}$ units behind the normal entrance requirements — really the deficiency of a whole school year. He stated confidently that he could enter a Carnegie Foundation institution, and went off on the train with a railway ticket purchased for it. I was in no way surprised to learn that the Entrance Committee of that institution sent him to one of the excellent schools in their city to become fully prepared — where I know by personal examination the bright and promising lad rightly belongs.

But I am told, You are not democratic, and have no regard for the poor country boy without opportunities. On the contrary, I plead for the opportunity to be given the poorest country boy by the State — but at some school — and not at the specialized technological institute and university, until he is really prepared for their courses. As I have already said, each State has plenty of schools sufficiently advanced to prepare for college, and a system can readily be devised whereby the lad without home advantages can go on with his education. But not until thus prepared should he be permitted through any false sentiment to pass to the highest institutions of all, which is to award titled degrees upon the completion of a real four year's course. This ideal is not chimerical. It is the practical problem for

sober, right-minded educators to face and see it solved right. I have the faith it can be so solved, and it is for this I make my appeal.

For who, after all, is the real friend of the poor boy? Who cherishes the real democratic ideals of education? The one who depresses so-called university standards down to the uneducated poor boy's level, or the one who insists that he be lifted up to the higher plane and helps create a public sentiment and opinion for that agency? The one who retards the right sort of school being established for him in his own community by yielding to low standards of entrance, or the one who declares that the right sort of school must be established, and points the way by announcing and enforcing the proper standards himself that would help toward this? Only by upholding proper college entrance standards can you encourage and expect a community to build up a school commensurate therewith. The real friend of the poor boy, and the one actually promoting democratic ideals in education is, therefore, that institution that insists on the locality building up a good home school for everybody, and encourages and protects that home school by not robbing it of the boy until prepared for efficient higher work elsewhere. There is not a strong community or a strong county to-day that cannot have a good school if it will. Our higher institutions of learning are among the chief causes at fault if anywhere none such now exist. After years of agitation we should be heartily sick of pretense, and ask only for the reality. The South's opportunity in education, as I see it, and it is a glorious one, is merely one of wisely mapping out a sound educational system and consistently and courageously applying its standards.

JOHN BELL HENNEMAN.

The University of the South.

THE LATE EDITOR OF THE SEWANEE REVIEW

Dr. John Bell Henneman, whose name appears with the title of Editor upon the cover of this issue of the REVIEW, as it has appeared upon all previous issues since the eighth volume, died suddenly in Richmond, Virginia, on the 26th of last November. His work upon the REVIEW continued up to the day of his leaving Sewanee, and the present issue as it now comes from the press, is substantially in accordance with his arrangements.

Dr. Henneman's official connection with the REVIEW began with the publication of the eighth volume in January, 1901, soon after he came to Sewanee to succeed his long-time friend and college classmate, Professor Trent, in the chair of English Language and Literature in the University of the South. For the next four years Professor B. J. Ramage, Ph.D., was associated with him in the editorship. From the twelfth volume to the present issue, Dr. Henneman was solely responsible for the policy of the REVIEW and its contents. It must not, however, be inferred that his coming to the editorship was by any means sudden or that his acquaintance with the REVIEW began after he had come to Sewanee. He knew the REVIEW from its beginning and appreciated the peculiar field it was destined to occupy among the literary periodicals of the country. Professor Trent, his predecessor in the editorial chair as in the professorial chair, was his warm friend since the days spent together at the University of Virginia, where both took the Master's degree in 1884; and while Dr. Henneman was engaged in educational work in other institutions he regarded the SEWANEE REVIEW as something representing, not the life of a single university, but as of peculiar value to the life and literature of the South. To each of the first five volumes he made contributions, probably more in number than those of any other single contributor outside of Sewanee. The character of these contributions is significant as shown by their titles: "Historical Studies in the South since the War," written while he was Professor of English and History in Hampden-Sidney, and con-

tributed to the first volume, showed a broad outlook and a firm grasp of his subject, two marked characteristics of all his literary work; "The Study of English in the South," and "The Modern Spirit of Literature," contributed to the second volume, were notable papers and of permanent value; "The Work of a Southern Scholar," contributed to the third volume, was a scholarly and appreciative review of four of Woodrow Wilson's books; a paper on Maurus Jokai, entitled "The Nestor of Hungarian Letters," in review of Jokai's autobiographical novel, "Eyes Like the Sea," and a paper on "Tennessee History by Tennesseans," in which were reviewed the books which had then recently appeared in connection with the celebration of the Centennial of the State, were his contributions to the fourth volume. To the fifth volume he contributed a paper on "The Man Shakespeare: His Growth as an Artist." It was in review of Dowden's "Introduction to Shakespeare," Barrett Wendell's "William Shakespeare: A Study of Elizabethan Literature," and William J. Rolfe's "Shakespeare, the Boy," and at the same time an earnest of Dr. Henneman's subsequent work as lecturer, editor and expositor of Shakespearean Literature, and not to be dissociated from his two papers on "Shakespeare in Recent Times," contributed to the last volume of the REVIEW he was destined to edit. All these papers showed the deep sympathy of the young professor (he was but thirty-two when the last of the above named papers was written), with the REVIEW in which he saw the representative, in the highest and widest sense, of the best and most recent life and thought and culture of the South and of the whole country. And his acceptance of the Chair of English Language and Literature in the University of the South, when offered him, was induced by the fact that he would thereby be brought into closer relations with the REVIEW. He was no novice, therefore, when he passed to the editorial chair. He was probably as familiar with the ideals set for the REVIEW as any one in the country, and was already trained to fulfill the task of the editor in maintaining those ideals.

It would be difficult now to say in what respect his genius for the conduct of the REVIEW was most clearly manifested. Was

it his broad and accurate scholarship which met all the many demands made upon it in an editorial position of that kind? Was it the quick discernment of what was excellent, not only to his taste, but to the taste of the cultivated public which the REVIEW was to serve? Was it his ability to command the class of articles which the REVIEW has been privileged to present to its readers, which otherwise would have been impossible? Was it the exquisite courtesy which made every contributor feel a personal interest in the REVIEW? Certain it is that Dr. Henneman combined all these qualities and by this combination succeeded in the most difficult task of maintaining the policy of the founders of the REVIEW.

The field of Dr. Henneman's activities was a broad one and his interests were varied, though all related to the general subject of education; and the REVIEW would have owed this tribute to his life, had he been in no way connected with this periodical, even as he was at the pains to secure papers upon McIver, and Bishop Dudley and others who have left their impress upon the educational life of the South. And the REVIEW is privileged to print the address of the Reverend Dr. DuBose, delivered at the University Chapel on the Sunday morning following Dr. Henneman's death. This address is of Dr. Henneman, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences and Professor of English Language and Literature, who was chiefly known to members of the community of Sewanee and to the host of students, past and present, who have been under his instruction and influence for the past eight years.

There remains yet to be said something of Dr. Henneman, the Educator, in the highest sense of that term, the man who has left a clear and definite impress upon the educational life of the South. To him perhaps as much as to any other man is due the advancement of the educational standards of the Southern schools and colleges, during the past few years. There is a dramatic, as well as a pathetic interest, given to what was probably the last public act of his life, the reading of a paper before the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Southern States, at the fourteenth annual meeting held in Chattanooga, November 5, 1908. The title of the paper was

"The South's Opportunity in Education: The Problem of the Application of Standards."¹ The subject was one dear to his heart and one that had occupied much of his time and attention during the last years of his life. To hear the paper and participate in the discussion which it was expected would follow, Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation was present. It was the final word upon the subject of entrance requirements for colleges. It is Dr. Henneman's last message to his colleagues and co-laborers in the broad field of Southern education. He returned to Sewanee and a few days later was taken ill. It was still hoped that a few weeks with his family physician in Richmond would restore him to health. He was in his forty-fifth year and it was felt that there should be, in all human probability, at least twenty years more of service to be expected from him in the various fields in which his activities had proved their inestimable value. But the career cut short thus early and suddenly was not without its record of noble achievement for the cause of education, and for literature, as has been already recognized, and as will be increasingly apparent as the years go on.

DR. JOHN BELL HENNEMAN

I am called upon by the Vice-Chancellor to give some expression here this morning to his and my and, as far as possible, your sense of the calamity that has befallen this University and this community. I say, "as far as possible your" — for you are many, and I am not so near as once I was, to the heart-beats of Sewanee; my fingers are not so directly upon its pulse. Besides, the shock of our dear Dr. Henneman's death is so sudden and unexpected, I was so utterly unprepared for it, that I feel myself incompetent as yet to speak at all; a single day has been all too short for any just appraisal of the damage we have sustained.

¹Through the kindness of the Secretary of the Association, the REVIEW is permitted to present this paper in this issue.

However, I feel sufficiently assured that, whatever be the exact nature or the real extent of it, we are as one man in knowing that a great loss has fallen upon us all. Measuring it for myself, I confess it seems to me at this moment well-nigh irreparable. I know that in fact nothing in this world is irreparable, that the breaches are all filled, and the rents mended, and that all that ought to be will continue to be, and will, in time, go on whole and alive as before. But we never can help feeling that matters are peculiar and exceptional with us here at Sewanee, and my own very definite feeling is that there is something in our unique past and present—something of which I wish specially now to speak—which, when lost, it becomes harder and harder for any future to replace or repair.

Grief is apt to be a selfish thing; I am quite aware that it is all of our own loss and sorrow that we are now thinking. But there is a good side even to that. How better can we measure the value he *was* to us than by the loss he *is* to us? How better can we measure himself, and express our appreciation of what he was or our gratitude for what he was, than by letting ourselves feel to the full all that his life was, all that his death is, to ourselves? Be assured, dear brethren and friends of Sewanee, that I should not be here to-day for the performance of a perfunctory task; I should not be here to-day if I did not feel that this was an occasion of very real loss and sorrow to this dear place; and this, to me, much more than most dear—this most significant, important, essential and necessary of Universities.

I shall dwell then upon what was our gain and is now our very serious loss. And you will pardon me, if I shall seem to dwell upon it unduly from one, and my own, point of view. I shall pass briefly over what is the more natural and general, and will probably be your own immediate point of view—Dr. Henneman's loss to us as a teacher, as professor of our most important chair, as Dean of our central Faculty. I do this from no want of appreciation of that point of view, but for two reasons. In the first place it is your own point of view, and from it you see and know more than I can tell you. In the second place, although it will certainly be a delicate and difficult

matter to fill the vacant place or places — Professor of English, Dean of the Academic Faculty, Editor of the SEWANEE REVIEW — as Dr. Henneman filled them, and was coming more and more efficiently to fill them, yet it was not there so much as elsewhere that his loss has seemed to me irreparable.

From the outside, however, I may say this much upon that more apparent point. Dr. Henneman was unquestionably first of all, and in a very high sense a teacher. It was conscientiously and faithfully his business, and he allowed nothing else to stand before that with him, or in any way to interfere with or impair the efficiency of that. A teacher is under no obligation to be a mere teacher, or only a teacher. He may, and ought to pursue his own life without and far beyond the possible limits of his actual teaching. He may think of and be interested in other things, and may seek and acquire fame and employment and emolument otherwise than through the immediate business for and in which he is engaged. But there is a manifest danger and temptation in it. How that danger ought to be avoided may be seen by observing how Dr. Henneman avoided it.

I suppose there is no place where, more than at Sewanee, there is need that professors who have the ability to do so, shall supplement the small salaries, ever growing smaller through the increasing cost of living. A certain publishing house wanted some literary work done, and Dr. Henneman was named to them as a scholar well qualified to do it. But no, they said, they knew Dr. Henneman was too much of a teacher to subordinate his teaching to anything else. They wanted a man who would give his first and chief attention to their work; and they could find such men. What I would say, in a word, is that Dr. Henneman, having been engaged for, and having given himself to, the business of this University, gave his whole, or if not literally his whole, yet at least his first and best self to the discharge of that business. We all know how he magnified the business of teaching in general, and that of Sewanee in particular; how he magnified not only all our teaching here, but that of his own chair in particular; how intent and insistent he was to be ever enlarging it, and himself doing always more and more, and never less and less, in it. How his

mind and heart and very life were in the matter of standards and ideals of education! How his pride and conscience and honor were involved in the long battle to bring Sewanee not only up to but above the general level of educational requirements! His heart and his happiness were where his first duty lay, and in the singleness of his devotion to it he gladly suffered loss not only of additional means, where it was sorely needed, but of outside reputation and of probable promotion elsewhere.

I should like to dwell more upon such matters as these; but I am anxious to impress upon you my own impression of the yet larger and higher Dr. Henneman. And I can only raise you to that conception by going back a little to the man. We all knew Dr. Henneman to be a man of very intense feeling—sometimes, though less and less so of late, of perfervid and excessive feeling. To the cooler, perhaps more indifferent temperament of some of us, there was at times something incomprehensible, something that suggested distrust of sound judgment on his part, in the extreme seriousness with which he took things, in the deep personal feeling with which he invested common questions. I do not deny that he had the faults and drawbacks of that temperament, but I have come of late to interpret the matter very differently. All that sensitiveness, impulsiveness, and emotionalism was only the commotion upon the surface of a deep and rich nature. Things were very real, very deep, and very high to Dr. Henneman; he found it hard to be cool, impossible in any matter to be indifferent.

It is in keeping with this to say that Dr. Henneman was a naturally, necessarily, profoundly religious man, though he was not always so to outward appearance. A man of his nature could not be fundamentally quiet or at rest without religion. He came here not a member of the Church which represents religion among us. No one knew his mind and no one asked it. Sewanee stands for Christianity, but for Christianity in its most catholic and inclusive form. It is our desire to stand for nothing in Christianity which is distinctively or exclusively our own, which does not belong by right to all; in a word, which is sectarian. The sectarianism which we wish most of all to avoid

is our own sectarianism. If we ourselves value, and value rightly, what we sometimes call our own order, our own ritual, our sacraments, creeds, etc.—it is distinctly not as our own that we value them, but on the ground that we believe them not to be our own, but the property, in the truest and largest sense, of the Catholic Church, that is to say, of all believing and baptized Christians, whether they use them or have seen fit to disuse them. If we call ourselves Churchmen, and by no narrower or more divisive name, it is not because we arrogate to ourselves alone that more general designation, but because we would pass by and ignore all human distinctions and sinful divisions, and know ourselves only as members of the one Church of Christ, whose mission and aim is to include all and exclude none. What we have to strive for is to be in this truest sense Christian and catholic, and to trust wholly and only to the truth and reality of our profession to accomplish the results we stand for.

Sewanee in no sense questioned or prescribed Dr. Henne-
man's faith, and it was only in his own time and way that he
manifested the conformity of which I am going to speak. I
should not speak at all of so personal and sacred a matter, but
for a fact which came to me in these latter years as a sort of
revelation or discovery concerning him. It was that somehow,
I suppose gradually and perhaps unconsciously, Dr. Henne-
man had come to be, beyond us all, the embodiment of the true
idea and spirit of Sewanee. In the first place, besides being, as
I have said, a deeply religious man, he became—especially in
his relation to, and his part in this University—the true Church-
man of the type I have described. He fully conceived and
heartily entered into the true Christian character of Sewanee;
he absorbed its traditions, imbibed its ideas, and became the
most active representative and champion of its ideals and as-
pirations. He stood not more intensely for its standards of
education than for its ideals of culture and life—of culture for
life, and not mere training for business. He believed that,
while Sewanee ought, in all true and tried respects, to conform
to the type of other and modern universities, least of all ought
it ever to abandon or be unfaithful to its own distinct character

and mission; which was, to prove to the world the possibility, and exhibit to the world the type of a Christian, Catholic, Church University. Dr. Henneman was looking forward to broadening the foundations of Sewanee to cover the area of the entire South. He was consulting for the establishment of a general system of Church education, in the true sense, of which Sewanee was to be only the lofty apex.

These ideas and aspirations are not so new to many of us as they were to Dr. Henneman. But ideas and ideals, in the hard and painful process of actualizing themselves in this world, have to pass through many deaths and resurrections. It was long ago said, that God never bestows a real blessing upon the world but first He passes upon it the sentence of death — sometimes of many deaths. Nothing is worthy to live, that death or deaths are able to destroy. Now deaths and resurrections often endured are a wearing process. I must confess myself to have been well worn out by them, and there are some here now weary and wearing out with waiting. Weary perhaps, but faithful, and so, I trust, to the end. The heroes of faith still die not having received the promises, and still too seeing and greeting them from afar.

As we go out, I have been feeling that there is a new dawn rising, yea, risen upon Sewanee. And among the younger, fresher, unworn—and as I thought, stronger—men who are succeeding us, and upon whom is the further making and shaping of things here, I looked for certain things chiefly to Dr. Henneman. His heart was, I verily believe, most of all in this place, in its true meaning and end and destiny. He seemed among the likeliest of all to remain here, to suffer and to stay. But mostly, as I have said, I believe that he was the truest and the hopefulest exponent of the one thing most needful. The university that is all like other universities can always be spared; it is only a matter of one less. The university that stands for something that is distinctive, if that something is real and of enduring value, cannot be spared, and we can ill spare the men who most stand for it.

Do not suppose that I look upon Dr. Henneman as all whom we had or have to depend upon for the things I hold of most

value. In that case his loss would indeed be irreparable, and I should despair. But I believe that, the greater his loss to us, the more will they that are left, professors and students, rally around Sewanee and see that she suffers no permanent detriment. We have never here been weakened or disheartened by loss or defeat. The wide breach will be closed, and the deep rent mended; and while that is doing, and until it is done, you will endure the loss and patiently abide the recovery.

W. P. DuBOSE.

The University of the South.

REVIEWS

ANSELM'S THEORY OF THE ATONEMENT: THE BOHLEN LECTURES, 1908.
By George Cadwalader Foley, D.D., Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Care in the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. Longmans. 1909.

This book is not and does not purport to be a constructive treatise on the doctrine of the Atonement, but rather the examination of a particular theory of the Atonement. Yet even so we cannot but feel that its author would probably have produced a work of more permanent and definitive value had he at the outset devoted a considerable measure of attention to the Scriptural testimony bearing upon the great subject of the Atonement; in other words, if Dr. Foley had proceeded to review the theory of the *Cur Deus Homo* from the Scriptural standpoint primarily rather than from the standpoint of contemporary theological literature or even from that of the Patristic writings. The book before us is the work of a wide and appreciative reader of theological literature, rather than of a "systematic" theologian.

By his selection of such a subject as St. Anselm's conception of the Atonement, Dr. Foley pays tribute to the elements of enduring value which the author of the *Cur Deus Homo* has bequeathed to the religious thought of the world. "It is certainly remarkable, that a theory which so entirely lacked the power to commend itself to general acceptance should have contained so many ideas whose influence has persisted for eight centuries" (p 253). After making certain strictures upon the Anselmic theory of the Atonement, Dr. Foley says (p 257)—"But it must be fairly acknowledged that we are indebted to Anselm for two great services in connection with this doctrine. The first has already been sufficiently treated; by overthrowing the theory of Origen he brought our thought back to God from the devil, whose power and rights had been unduly exalted. The second is his indirect and entirely unintentional contribution to the modern reality of personal religion. His theory is justly criticised as a speculation; but, in tracing the sources of certain

spiritual impulses in and after the Reformation, we find them latent in him."

We think that Dr. Foley hardly does justice to the theology of sin and salvation as this was developed in the West; and that in his predilection for the theology of the Greek Fathers he rather exaggerates their points of difference from the Latins. For example, he seems to assume (pp. 187-8, cp. pp. 255-6) that the Greek theology of the Incarnation and of Redemption necessarily implies that our Lord would have become incarnate even if man had not sinned. But this speculation did not arise, as a matter of fact, until after Anselm's day; as is well known, Duns Scotus is its sponsor. The testimony of the greatest of the Greek Fathers, St. Athanasius is rather against it, as the quotation given by Dr. Foley (p. 50) shows, and as might be further illustrated by other passages in Athanasius' writings (Compare, for example, *On the Incarnation*, Chapters X and XX). The charge of Nestorianism brought against St. Anselm (pp. 179-181) is, we venture to think, somewhat captious. Dr. Foley condemns "quantitative comparisons between guilt and satisfaction;" he rejects the idea of the imputation of the righteousness of Christ to us as being unscriptural; though dealing with the Scriptural evidence for the latter doctrine in a footnote of but five lines, and there omitting the crucial passage (Romans v:19) "through the obedience of the One the many shall be made (constituted) righteous." On page 234 the author says, "Moral obligations may not even figuratively be compared to debts." But are we not taught in the Lord's Prayer to say, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors?" And does not our Lord expressly compare our sins to debts in the familiar parable which He uttered in reply to St. Peter's question about forgiveness? (St. Matthew xviii, verse 25).

On the whole, the impression left upon the mind by the negations and strictures in which the book abounds, is that the positive exposition of the meaning and value of our Lord's divinely-human work of Atonement is in comparison rather vague and indistinct. We should be inclined to fear that what the average layman would carry away from hearing these lectures

would be a clearer impression of what our Lord's atoning work is *not* than of what it *is*. At the same time, there is much in the book that is excellent and helpful. The author has the gift of clear and vigorous expression; his material is compact and well arranged; his method is scholarly. Throughout the work there breathes a high ethical and spiritual conception of the Divine nature and character; and as a contribution to American theological literature the treatise has real value. W. S. B.

THE LIBERAL AND MYSTICAL WRITINGS OF WILLIAM LAW; with an Introduction by William Scott Palmer, and a Preface by W. P. DuBose, M.A., S.T.D. Longmans.

William Law, the devout seer of the eighteenth century, is receiving a well-merited revival in several quarters. Both his "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life" and his "Practical Treatise upon Christian Perfection" have been brought before the public afresh, readings from the former treatise having recently been re-edited with an introduction by the Bishop of London. The volume before us presents "The Spirit of Prayer," and "The Spirit of Love," several of Law's letters upon religious subjects, "An Address to the Clergy," "The Way to Divine Knowledge," and certain of his shorter tractates. William Law is an interpreter and continuator of Jacob Behmen the Silesian mystic, but he is more than this. With Law the practical religious interest is paramount; to it the metaphysical or speculative element is thoroughly subordinated. In his reaction from the external and formal Christianity of the eighteenth century, Law reminds us of Swedenborg; but, unlike the latter, he does not undertake the rôle of an apocalyptic seer. Law still has a message for us to-day, in that he directs our attention to the inward, spiritual and personal aspect of religion. But like other mystics he fails to appreciate the value of the formal, legal and rational elements in religion. If these latter are entirely let go, religion must necessarily either evaporate into a vague sentiment, or harden into a mere code of moral conduct.

THE ANALYTICS OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT. By the Rev. Robert Woodward Barnwell. Petersburg, Virginia: The Franklin Press Co.

This work, as its title indicates, deals with the thorny and much controverted subject of Church polity. While marked by a certain judicial balance and breadth of view, it is at the same time marred by lack of form and by crudeness in the manner of presentation. The analytical method has been pursued at the expense of literary form; the author's material has not been sufficiently digested. This is a serious hindrance to the attractiveness of the book for the general reader. We have here a book in the process of making, rather than a complete and perfect literary product. It is a serious mistake to imagine that in a scientific or theological work literary style is of little or no importance. The value and effectiveness of such a work may be very greatly enhanced by an attractive mode of presentation; while the absence of literary form is a serious handicap to the general influence and usefulness of a treatise which deals with such abstruse and difficult matters as are involved in the thorough analysis and discussion of Church polity. This defect is the more to be regretted in the present instance for the reason that the book before us exhibits no little insight, breadth of view and sanity of judgment, and is free from the spirit of partisan controversy. The view of Church polity here advocated is the view of moderate Anglicanism; which, while regarding the three-fold ministry of bishops, priests and deacons, handed down by historic succession, as the norm of Church government, at the same time does not absolutely "unchurch" those religious bodies which lack this historic form of ministry.

ETHICS. By John Dewey and James H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

It is an event in the academic world whenever any volume in the *American Science Series* comes out, and in the recently published volume upon Ethics, the event is in no way disappointing, for the contribution is remarkable in many ways. Now it would be perfectly impossible to write "a review" of the book, for it is so encyclopedic in scope, that aside from the general

point of view from which it attacks its problem, there is no centre upon which to focus critical remarks. As to the value of its point of view we shall say a few words later. As to the book: it is a closely digested colaboration of over 600 pages dealing with Ethics in its historical, anthropological, psychological and philosophical aspects. We find in it, for example, pages upon such matter as the growth of the social idea, the consciousness of the individual, the Greek and the Hebrew moral developments, and of the growth of the moral idea in other parts of the world. As one tries to gather into a focus the subjects of such sub-sections as "The Individual and the Development of the Intelligence" (Part 1, Chapter 8, Sub-Section 6); "Moral Sense Intuitionism" (Part 2, Chapter 16, Sub-Section 3); "The Methods of Production, Exchange and Valuation" (Part 3, Chapter 22, Sub-Section 4); "The Development of Civil Rights" (Part 3, Chapter 21, Sub-Section 2), he is tempted strongly to say "this is too much," and to doubt whether the practice of empiricism has not been carried too far. Of course, from the modern point of view nothing is scientific unless it produces a mass of data before any generalizations are attempted. That is all well enough, but such a mass as has been compressed between the covers of this book, certainly tends to take it altogether out of the realm of text-books and to make it valuable only for the specialist. To be sure, the data collected are most interesting and suggestive and what a mass of data there are! But one is inclined to believe that there is a congestion of facts, an over supply, and that it would have been just as well to omit many of them, say, for example pages 17 to 21, and merely to have stated the facts of tribal and social ties, referring the reader to the originals from which the quotations are taken.

Perhaps the most valuable part of the book is to be found in its bibliographies which are truly remarkable. In them we find suggestions whereby we may search for the ethical significance in books upon such divergent subjects as Tylor's "Primitive Culture" and Hadley's "Freedom and Responsibility in the Evolution of Democratic Government." It is an education in itself to turn to the conclusion of each successive chapter and

study its bibliographies; and to one who is at all familiar with standard works, the lists in themselves provide strong thought stimulants.

It is in this connection that one finds the only point to which criticism can be applied, which is to be found in the question as to whether Ethics deserve of such thorough-going pragmatic treatment; whether in the study of them it is worth while to expend one's energies to such an extent upon the study of the growth of the moral idea from the days of democratic development. Historically, such a study is without doubt valuable, but is it ethically? To ask such a question brings up the whole problem of pragmatism, which it is not the writer's present pleasure to discuss. It has at least however brought out the point that the volume before us is the creation of a pair of thorough-going pragmatists.

Humanism has come to stay, just as once came Hegelianism, and we are glad to have a humanist's disquisition upon Ethics, only we are not convinced that it is the ideal way of dealing with such a subject.

As a companion to the preceding volumes in the series, it is without doubt worthy, though it lacks the brilliancy of Professor James' and the finality (if one may use such a word in this world) of Professor Remsen's. We welcome the book and congratulate its authors upon their achievement.

POEM OUTLINES. By Sidney Lanier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Our thanks are due the editor and the publishers of this delightful volume. Nothing connected with Sidney Lanier's art can be matter of indifference. But these "Poem Outlines" are of value not only because they give a glimpse of Lanier's artistic method, but because in many instances they are exquisite expressions of his best thoughts. From this slight collection alone may be obtained a singularly complete idea of the man's poetic dogmas. Here we see our familiar Lanier, hurt by the world's apathy towards beauty, by the lack of vital religion in established creeds. When Matthew Arnold meditated and

doubted, Sidney Lanier was hurt, almost physically. Here we see Lanier meeting doubt and conquering it, as Browning did, by his faith in and love for his "brother man." Lastly, here we see Lanier giving utterance to that sweetness, delicately humorous, almost feminine, which is perhaps his most individual note. Who else could have written these lines?

So large, so blue is Harry's eye
I think to that blue heaven the souls do go
Of honest violets when they die.

LIFE BEYOND LIFE. A STUDY OF IMMORTALITY. By Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D. Longmans.

Dr. Slattery is impressed by the amount of attention and study that such scientific investigators as Sir Oliver Lodge, and Professors James and Hyslop are now giving to those phenomena which point to the survival of the soul after the cessation of bodily life. It is, however, questionable whether the results of such investigations as these can ever furnish more than an indirect confirmation of the Christian belief in "the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting." When the author of the present volume speaks of the historical resurrection of Jesus Christ as a pledge and guarantee to faith of our life beyond the grave, he is on surer ground. In the final chapter he explains in a suggestive way certain necessary ideas attaching to "immortal life," such as "personal identity," "character" and "survival of the missionary spirit."

IS THE BIBLE THE WORD OF GOD? YES! By the Rev. Thomas Duncan, D.D. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Co.

This little volume is a collection of essays and papers of which only the first deals directly with the subject indicated by the above title. Dr. Duncan contends as against Bishop Williams of Michigan, that the Bible not only *contains* but actually *is* the Word of God. He also discusses such subjects of present-day interest as The Holy Catholic Church, The Cathedral System, The Historic Episcopate, Priest or Presbyter, from the evangelical Protestant point of view.

MODERNISM AND ROMANCE. By R. A. Scott-James. New York: John Lane Company.

How far certain literature of to-day the novel, drama, essay, lyric, stands as the representative expression of those intellectual and social forces that determine life movements, is the thread that gives unity to the collected essays of this book, a fair portion of which has appeared elsewhere. The author passes in review rather than judges these exponent writers and their works, although an occasional sentence by way of explanation of a rejection, notably of Kipling, or defence of his thesis, is stated with taste, insight and independence of judgment. If one were to take the informing viewpoint of the book, it would be the following: We *are* self-conscious and nothing can make us otherwise, nothing can give us the glorious spontaneity and outwardness of the Homeric and the Elizabethan ages. How our scientific and sociological studies have brought this about and the consequent changes in the body and manner of literature and the larger meaning in the defining of romance, is interestingly told in the book.

QUIET HOURS WITH THE ORDINAL. A Series of Addresses by the Bishop of Carlisle. Longmans.

These useful addresses, delivered to candidates for the ministry, deal with such practical subjects as Vocation, Reverence for the Bible, Ordination Vows, and the like. Devout and reverent in tone, this little volume may be commended to the clergy in general, as well as to candidates for the ministry for whom it is primarily intended.

THE HISTORIC MINISTRY AND THE PRESENT CHRIST. By Charles Lewis Slattery, D.D. New York: Longman's Green & Co.

This booklet by the author of a work above reviewed, is a plea for the combination of the thought of personal, vital relation to Christ with the thought of the authority of the Church's official, historic ministry. The spirit of this little work is irenic; it is prompted by the aspiration for unity as opposed to sectarian division among Christians.

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TO KNOW AND BELIEVE: STUDIES IN THE APOSTLE'S CREED. By John McGaw Foster. Longmans.

The author's attitude toward Christian doctrine is expressed at the outset. The primary purpose of Christian doctrine is not to be an end in itself, but a means towards the establishment and development of Christian character. Though doctrine is not the 'life' or the 'body,' it is the 'meat' and the 'raiment.' Though not containing any special contribution to Christian thought, this little volume sets forth the implications of the Apostle's Creed in a clear and attractive way, and is marked throughout by good sense and balance. The facts of the Creed are developed with a steady view to their bearing upon Christian life.

PUBLIC WORSHIP IN THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. By the Rev. C. R. D. Biggs, D.D. Longmans.

This book by the vicar of one of the Oxford city parishes, is primarily intended for the use of laymen. The author's method throughout is homiletical and explanatory. The book contains much valuable information upon the topics treated, which include the various services of the Prayer Book. It is divided into two parts, the first being historical, and the second explanatory. It is written in a fresh, interesting way, and abounds in historical and illustrative anecdote. A very useful book.

THE BIRD: ITS FORM AND FUNCTION. By C. William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is another volume of the *American Nature Series*, one of which, Britton's *Trees*, was reviewed in the pages of our October issue, last year. Here we have a work that has been before the public long enough to elicit more than the critic's review, namely, the approbation of the untechnical student of science. The author is numbered among the ever-increasing host of those opposed to the scientific formalism of the past and who are fully cognizant of the need of studying facts rather than forms. In fact the book voices this revolt against traditional

methods. Instead of laying before the reader a desiccated collection of systematic terms, the writer plunges at once into an interesting discussion of the ancestral history of the bird, expounded with the aid of both palæontology and comparative anatomy. Having thus, as it were, given the *raison d'être* for the existence of birds, he takes up a detailed study of bird types. But this again is done from a standpoint, that while suiting admirably the plan of the book, is none the less novel and therefore interesting. Instead of enumerating the genera and species, as is usually done, Mr. Beebe gives us a detailed account of the varied types of bird *organs*, muscles, nerves, heads, wings, feet, beaks, tails. Thus the reader is acquainted at once with avian anatomy and physiology and with the majority of the more important species. And all this is done with admirable skill in untechnical expression. The way in which, to take a single example, Mr. Beebe coaxes the unscientific reader through a study of cranial morphology (pp. 112-115) is remarkably clever.

Aside from the form of presentation, the matter selected is in itself highly interesting. Commonplace facts are omitted, and only the striking incidents of bird life are taken. So bizarre, indeed, are some of the structures and habits mentioned, that to the uninstructed, they must appear at first reading inexplicable by the law of evolution; yet as the author clearly shows they are not so by any means. Illustrations abound, nearly all of them photographs from life by the author; and it is noted with especial satisfaction that he has been content with nothing short of the precise picture that he desired. Would that the same might be said of our biological texts.

For the student of taxonomy a fuller discussion of phylogeny might be desired than is to be found in this book—indeed such a discussion might be made one of absorbing interest; but as Mr. Beebe remarks, his book is intended simply as an invitation to the study of nature, and as such it is a very tempting one.

NOTES

From D. C. Heath & Co., we have four volumes in the *Belles-Lettres Series*—Otway's "Orphan" and "Venice Preserved," and Middleton and Rowley's "Spanish Gipsie" and "All's Lost by Lust."

In the section of poetry of the same series we have "Select Poems of Shelley," by Woodberry, and "Select Poems of Matthew Arnold," by Edward S. Hale.

This is a valuable series for the student—the volumes are all well edited, and the publishers part is well done in every way—the size being convenient, and print, paper and all the accessories altogether acceptable.

"Insect Stories" (Henry Holt & Co.), "Primarily for children," by Vernon L. Kellogg, is a very attractive collection of observations on insect life. Mr. Kellogg almost reaches the height of telling his stories from the standpoint of the child, a very difficult height for a grown-up to scale. It is all absolutely simple, and Mary is an uncommonly nice child. Almost as nice, if not quite, as "the little Boy" in Uncle Remus, and more cannot be said for Mary, nor for Mr. Kellogg. The stories are very interesting, and they are—though it hurts one to utter the word—instructive! Dreadful, but they are, as well as tragic. All should thank both author and publisher when a simple, clean, *instructive* book of stories comes to hand.

The readable and generally accurate text-book of Professor Schwill, entitled "The History of Modern Europe," appears in a new edition published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The revision has greatly increased the value of a serviceable text.

Of greater extent, and covering a somewhat more restricted field is the two-volume work of Professors Robinson and Beard, "The Development of Modern Europe." This is written with the remarkable power of selection and in the interesting style which has made Professor Robinson's History of Western

Europe so popular as a text-book, and in more advanced work should win an equal place. The publishers are Ginn & Company.

"Personal Recollections of Richard Wagner," by Angelo Newmann, translated by Edith Livermoor, published by Henry Holt & Co., is a very graphic account of the efforts of this remarkable Director to establish the Wagner operas in the principal cities of Europe, which he accomplished with great éclat after an almost superhuman struggle against adverse circumstances. A Director's life seems after all to be the most strenuous that can fall to the lot of man, and if it had not been for the cool head, the patience, and keen sense of humor possessed by Newmann, his well laid schemes would oft have gone a-gley. Besides, it goes without saying, that such a genius as Wagner was difficult to work with — as on the slightest provocation he would fly the track and cancel his contracts just at the wrong time; he however had generosity enough to acknowledge his mistakes, and after the vexation was over he would be affectionate and helpful again. The whole story is interesting, and the personal recollections of so many of the great musical artists is of itself a treat — the Vogl's Hedwig Reicher-Kinderman, Seidl and many others make an interesting study.

"Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava," by Wm. T. Hornaday (Scribners), is a delightful and informing book. The author is the curator of the New York Zoölogical garden at Bronx Park, and one of the foremost naturalists of the country. He is also an accomplished botanist. His book is therefore not the work of a mere tourist or sportsman, but is full of solid and accurate information, conveyed in so pleasing a style that it is thoroughly enjoyable. He is a lively writer, and infuses into the reader his own love of nature and his delight in all of her wonderful works. The trip described in the book carried him into the deserts of Northwestern Sonora and to the desolate region surrounding the extinct volcano of Pinacate, which the author's party seem to have been the first to scale. His vivid

descriptions make one realize the aspect of the country, just as if one had been there, and they are helped out by a number of excellent illustrations, many of them in color. It is a book to appeal to the sportsman for its hunting adventures and to every one by its vivid descriptions of an interesting region close upon our borders.

Among the works of its kind a particularly noteworthy place should be given to the "Official and Statistical Register of the State of Mississippi," 1908, edited by Dr. Dunbar Rowland, Director of the Department of Archives and History of the State of Mississippi. This portly volume of nearly 1300 pages is a mine of information, much of which is of wider interest than might be guessed from the title. The work is divided into eight parts. The first two give historical and biographical information concerning the territorial and State governments of Mississippi; the third affords civil lists and statistical information; the fourth deals with State institutions; the fifth—especially interesting—presents a complete outline of the military history of the State; the sixth and seventh, treat of the present State and county governments; while the last part contains the organic Acts and Laws of the territory, information as to the Constitutions of 1817, 1832, 1869, and 1890. Besides the printed text, the volume includes many interesting photographs of portraits, celebrated houses, etc. Perhaps to the general student the most valuable feature of this sort is found in the reproductions of old maps of Mississippi, many of which are practically inaccessible.

The editorship of Dr. Rowland is sufficient guarantee of the scholarly performance of this extensive task. As a work of reference the book will prove of constant service to students of Southern history.

Dr. Rowland has rendered a further service to the student of Southern history in the planning, editing and publication of the "Encyclopedia of Mississippi History, Comprising Sketches of Counties, Towns, Events, Institutions and Persons." The work embraces two volumes of about one thousand pages each and

contains matter of inestimable value arranged in encyclopedic form for convenient reference.

"Leading American Soldiers," by R. M. Johnston, of Harvard University, has recently been contributed to the series of *Biographies of Leading Americans*, edited by Prof. W. P. Trent and published by Henry Holt & Co. Mr. Johnston divides the history of the United States into three periods, selecting but two Revolutionary soldiers, George Washington and Nathaniel Greene, and three for the period to 1860, Jackson, Taylor and Scott. Two-thirds of the book is devoted to the Civil War, and the generals selected for biographical notice are, on the Northern side, Grant, Sherman, McClellan and Meade, and in the Southern army, Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Gen. Johnston. A portrait of each is included. In the preface to the volume the writer feels called upon to make some apology for a military history. He suggests that the outcry against war to-day is the outcome of materialism, and asks: Would it not have been better to have stood among the ranks of our soldiers on the banks of the Rappahannock furiously cheering our great opponent, Stonewall Jackson, as he inspected his pickets, than to have lived twenty years longer to have mingled with football mobs hurraing at the disablement of an adversary? Or to have followed Sherman to the sea among waves of uplifted slave faces fondly dreaming that liberty and righteousness had come, rather than spend a lengthened life in the lucrative but dubious routine of mercantile affairs? He submits that there is much to urge for war on technical grounds as a tonic for the moral fibre of the nation.

The writer makes no claim to original investigation but hopes that a justification will be found in the treatment by a trained scholar with a grasp of the principles of military history.